

ARK STEYN:
OH, TERESA!

Radek Sikorski with the Allies in Iraq

NATIONAL REVIEW

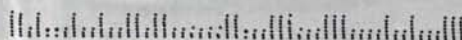
American soldiers 'raped, cut off ears, cut off heads, . . . cut off limbs, . . . randomly shot at civilians, razed villages in a fashion reminiscent of Genghis Khan, shot cattle and dogs for fun, poisoned food stocks, and generally ravaged the countryside . . .'

— John Kerry before Congress, April 22, 1971

Mackubin Thomas Owens

The senator's other Vietnam War record

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Weather and climate

In the debate over climate change, there is an understandable tendency to use recent weather events to draw conclusions about global warming. However, weather and climate are not the same — climate is far more complex.

While we all know what weather is, most of us are less clear about climate. A region's climate is defined as the prevailing behavior of its weather, including variability. Several decades of weather must ordinarily be considered to establish the average conditions and variability of climate.

Thus, the recent record cold weather in the Northeast U.S. does not indicate a cooling climate, just as last year's record summer heat in Europe does not confirm a warming world.

Geological evidence indicates that Earth's climate has varied continuously, warming and cooling due to changes on and beyond Earth. Factors as diverse as variations in sunlight and Earth's magnetic field, asteroid impacts, Sun-Moon-Earth orbital interactions, cosmic ray fluxes, continental drift, fluctuations in sea level, volcanic eruptions, changes in the biosphere, and massive ebbs and flows of continental glaciers, have significantly influenced climate.

Changes in one feature can affect others. During recent ice ages, another factor, greenhouse gas concentrations, changed for reasons that remain unclear. Evidence suggests that shifts in the flow of dust and nutrients from lands to oceans may have significantly altered the exchange of carbon dioxide between the

air and oceans.

Observations and theory both indicate that weather and important aspects of climate, for instance El Niño events, behave in a chaotic fashion that may never allow for definitive, long-term predictions. These and other fluctuations produce significant natural climate variability. For example, over the past thousand years historical accounts and scientific data show evidence of a Medieval Warm Period followed by a Little Ice Age.

In the face of natural variability and complexity, the consequences of change in any single factor, for example greenhouse gases, cannot readily be isolated and prediction becomes difficult. Geological and historical records make clear the need to account for natural climate variability and the integrated response of the entire climate system.

Over the last few decades climate research has made great progress. In particular, research has highlighted the risks to society and ecosystems resulting from the buildup of greenhouse gases. At the same time, scientific uncertainties continue to limit our ability to make objective, quantitative determinations regarding the human role in recent climate change or the degree and consequences of future change.

This reinforces the view that, as countries and societies work to find acceptable approaches to address climate change while continuing to promote global prosperity, there is an ongoing need to support scientific research to inform decisions and guide policies.

Changes in one feature can affect others

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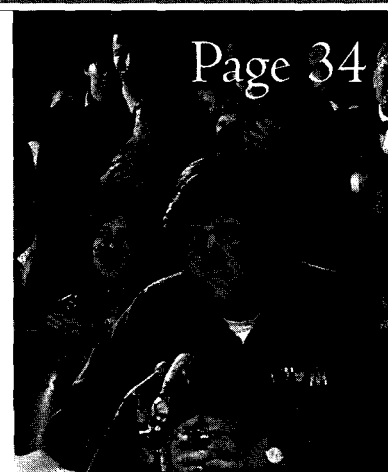
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■ COVER STORY

But Was It True?

Many Vietnam veterans will support Kerry for president because they believe, correctly, that he stepped up to the plate at a time when it was easy to pass. But veterans should ask themselves if they appreciate being portrayed as war criminals—murderers, rapists, etc.—which is how Kerry did, in fact, portray them. *By Mackubin Thomas Owens*



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NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by NATIONAL REVIEW, Inc., at 215 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Periodicals postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. ©National Review, Inc., 2004. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc., to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 215 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, P. O. Box 668, Mount Morris, Ill. 61054-0668; phone, 815-734-1232, Monday–Friday, 8:00 A.M. to 10:30 P.M. Eastern time. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile. Direct classified advertising inquiries to: Classifieds Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 215 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016 or call 212-679-7330. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, P. O. Box 668, Mount Morris, Ill. 61054-0668. Printed in the U.S.A.

RATES: \$59.00 a year (25 issues). Add \$21.50 for Canada and other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts or artwork unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

NATIONAL REVIEW

February 23 issue; printed February 5

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ADVERTISING SALES 212-679-7330
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letters to the editor

REPRODUCTIVE RIGHTISTS

Kate O'Beirne's article "Agendas All Their Own" (Jan. 26) accuses international nongovernmental organizations that engage in advocacy—including ours—of covertly seeking "to impose their policies through undemocratic means." There are two key fallacies in her argument.

First, ensuring that governments respect human rights is a precondition of—not an anathema to—free and open democracies. As world history has demonstrated with chilling frequency, majority rule can be used for good or ill. The touchstone of a true democracy is when the power of the majority is limited by the protection of rights, such that a nation's citizens may live in freedom and equality.

Second, we do not "prefer" to act covertly. The dictionary defines advocacy as "defending or maintaining a cause." That's what we do: use our freedom of speech to publicly and openly advocate for the recognition and protection of women's reproductive rights. We're certainly not hiding our views. Our briefs in courts and human-rights bodies around the world are publicly filed. Hundreds of thousands of people each year, from more than 150 countries, visit our website and download over half a million documents—legal analysis, fact sheets,

issue statements—that articulate our positions.

By advocating the rule of law—both constitutional law in the U.S. and international human-rights law—we argue for the creation of free and fair societies. What O'Beirne calls "eschew[ing] democratic processes," we call putting our faith in the highest ideals of democracy.

Finally, for the record, the Center receives no government funding. We are funded wholly by private donors, who are listed in our annual reports.

Nancy Northup
President

Center for Reproductive Rights
New York, N.Y.

KATE O'BEIRNE REPLIES: *The CRR makes no secret about what it seeks as self-appointed arbiter of what constitutes a fundamental human right, i.e., abortion on demand in every country on earth. To avoid the consent of the governed, the "power of the majority" Nancy Northup fears must be constrained by undemocratic international tribunals that seek to impose their interpretations of treaties and accords on democratic states. No wonder CRR's leaked memos (neither publicly filed nor available to its worldwide website visitors) note the "stealth quality" of their work.*

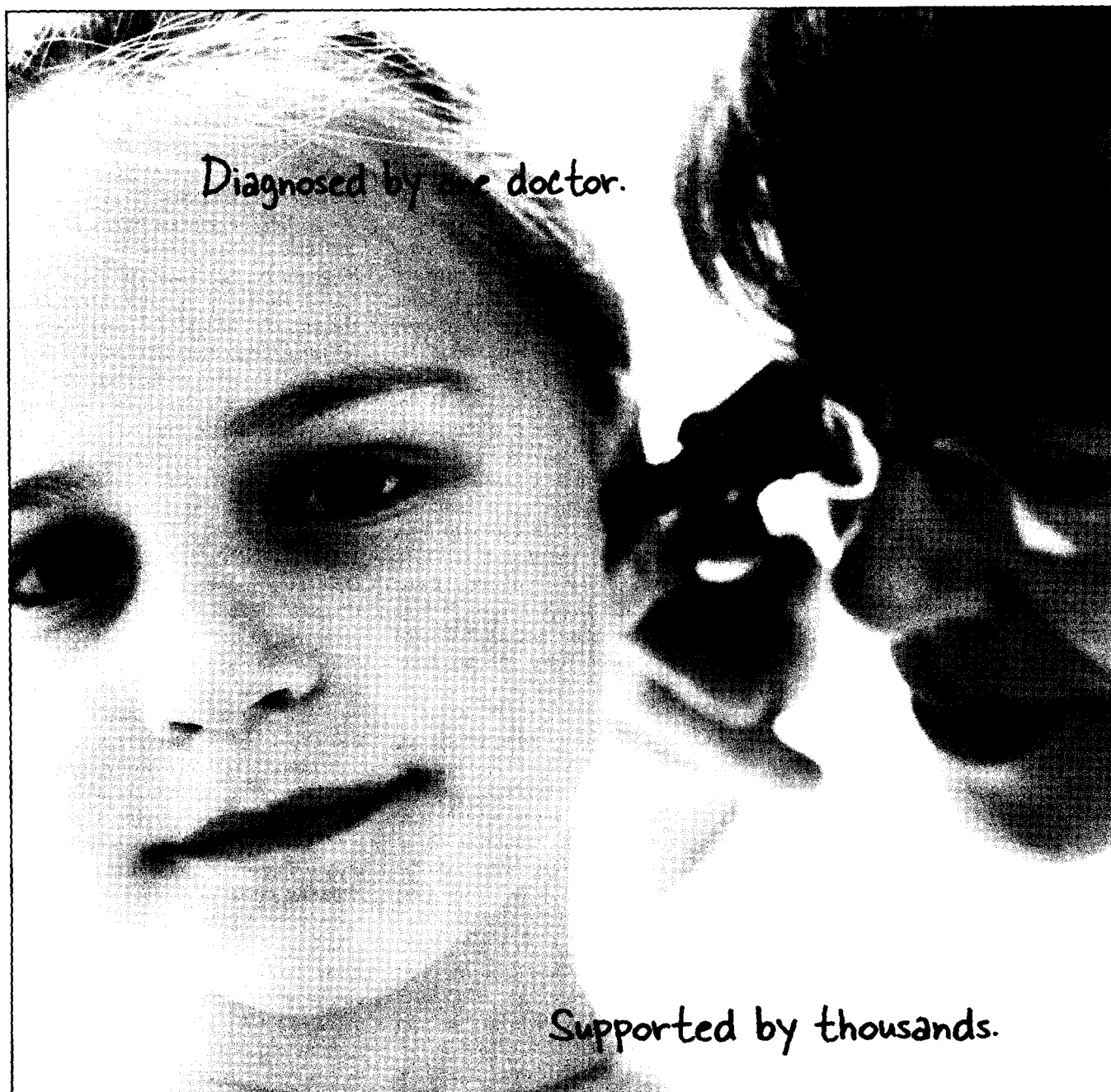
Why slug it out in democratically elected legislatures when the U.N. provides one-stop shopping sans the pesky necessity of persuasion, compromise, and consensus?

Finally, for the record, while my article explained that many NGOs are publicly funded, it also noted CRR's private funding.

ERRATUM

In the Feb. 9 issue, John Derbyshire's article, "The Decline of Stuff," is missing its final line. Following "As dreams are made on, and our little life" should have appeared: "Is rounded with a sleep." Apologies to our readers and to Shakespeare.

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CONGRESS



"My deniability is more plausible than your deniability!"

■ In ARG poll, President **Bush** earns 47 percent approval rating. . . . Bush in New Hampshire: "You can tell I'm upbeat and I've got reason to be. Not only the numbers say things are looking pretty good, the American people are telling me they feel pretty good." . . . In 2003, economy grew 3.1 percent for best showing since 2000. . . . Former CIA weapons inspector **David Kay**, in *New York Times*: "I'm personally convinced that there were not large stockpiles of newly produced weapons of mass destruction [in Iraq]." . . . Kay on charge that Bush lied about WMDs, on NBC: "If we do that, I think we're really hurting ourselves. Clearly, the intelligence that we went to war on was inaccurate, wrong. We need to understand why that was. I think if anyone was abused by the intelligence, it was the president of the United States, rather than the other way around." . . . Pew poll: 65 percent say Iraq invasion was "right decision."

■ Sen. **John Kerry** (D., Mass.) on CBS: "I stood up against **Ronald Reagan's** illegal, unconstitutional war in Central America." . . . In Fox News poll, Bush leads Kerry, 49 percent to 42 percent. . . . In *Newsweek* poll, Kerry leads Bush, 49 to 46. . . . "We've never elected a Democrat in the United States without winning at least five Southern states," says Sen. **John Edwards** (D., N.C.). "If Democrats across the country want to

take a risk that for the first time in American history that's a possibility, then they can do that." . . . Kerry on threat of terrorism: "I think there has been an exaggeration." . . . **Howard Dean** on Patriot Act: "I think in some ways, unfortunately, the terrorists have already won." . . . Sen. **Tom Harkin** (D., Iowa) on Dean, in *Des Moines Register*: "The people of Vermont would not reelect raving maniacs five times in a row." . . . Dean: "You can say that it's great that **Saddam** is gone, and I'm sure that a lot of Iraqis feel it is great that **Saddam** is gone. . . . But a lot of them gave their lives. And their living standard is a whole lot worse now than it was before." . . . Kerry on Fox News: "I think the Iraqis are clearly better off without **Saddam Hussein**. There isn't any doubt about that."

■ Cost of Medicare prescription-drug law skyrockets by \$134 billion just two months after Bush signs into law. . . . Bush: "Congress is now going to have to work with us to make sure that we set priorities and are fiscally wise with the taxpayers' money." . . . Sen. **Trent Lott** (R., Miss.) on drug bill, in *New York Times*: "The bad news is I don't think this is going to be the end of it. I think it's going to be more." . . . CBO forecasts \$477 billion deficit for 2004, up from actual deficit of \$375 billion last year. . . . Sen. **Don Nickles** (R., Okla.), in *Washington Post*: "Congress must show fiscal discipline moving forward. The deficit projection for this year is expected, but not acceptable." . . . "One more compromise of who we are as limited-government conservatives and our majority could be gone as well," says Rep. **Mike Pence** (R., Ind.). "It is time for conservatives to right the ship." . . . Rep. **Don Young** (R., Alaska) proposes hiking gas tax by 5 cents to pay for federal road projects. . . . White House seeks 13 percent increase in missile-defense spending. . . . Bush "risks an election-year backlash" among conservatives if he pursues amnesty plan for illegal aliens, say 23 GOP congressmen in letter to president. . . . Zogby poll:

Bush immigration plan is "step in the right direction," say 50 percent of Hispanics; 32 percent disagree.

■ In California, Gov. **Arnold Schwarzenegger** (R.) endorses former secretary of state **Bill Jones** for GOP nomination to challenge Sen. **Barbara Boxer** (D.) . . . South Dakota Republicans pick state Sen. **Larry Diedrich** to battle **Stephanie Herseth** (D.) in June 1 special election replacing former Rep. **Bill Janklow** (R.), who was convicted of manslaughter. . . . Unsuccessful gubernatorial candidate **Bobby Jindal** (R.) says he will run for Congress in Louisiana. . . . **Patrick Lyndon Nugent**—grandson of **LBJ**—gives \$2,000 to Bush reelection campaign, according to FEC records. . . . Virginia's GOP-controlled House of Delegates passes resolution asking Congress to exempt it from requirements of No Child Left Behind Act, calling them "the most sweeping intrusions into state and local control of education in the history of the United States." . . . Pro-lifers hold 31st Annual March for Life on January 22 with an estimated 100,000 in attendance. . . . Time for *New York Post's* annual **Eric Breindel** Award, named for late editorial-page editor, a crusader against Communism and other evils. Award is for opinion journalism, and is worth \$10,000, the most lucrative of its kind. Past winners include **Michael Kelly** and **Jay Nordlinger**. Applications can be obtained from Germaine Febles at (212) 843-8031 or gfebles@Rubenstein.com. Submissions must be postmarked by April 23.

■ In Haiti, 15,000 marchers demand resignation of President **Jean-Bertrand Aristide**. . . . North Korea offers to share missile technology with Nigeria. . . . French court convicts former French prime minister **Alain Juppé**, key ally of President **Jacques Chirac** and possible successor, of illegal political financing. . . . Colin Powell attends inauguration of **Mikhail Saakashvili** as new president of Georgia.

■ **David Letterman**: "After the [Super Bowl] President Bush called the winning team, he called the Patriots, and listen to this, former President Clinton called **Janet Jackson**." **NR**

A 21st Century U.S. Trade Policy

Two centuries ago, trade between nations consisted largely of agricultural goods, minerals, and basic commodities. In those exchanges, most countries had a natural advantage in some areas, disadvantages in others.

The geography and climate of France, for example, encouraged the production of fine wines, while that of Great Britain favored the production of superior wools. If France concentrated on wine production and Britain on wool, and if the two nations allowed unrestricted trade in those goods, both nations would gain from their respective advantage.

The foundation of the free trade movement is that ideal - that is, capture the respective comparative advantage of nations, through unfettered trade, for the collective benefit of all. The basic concept, moreover, is sound so long as comparative advantage is based on natural endowments such as France's climate and soil, Australia's vast coal deposits, or Saudi Arabia's giant pools of oil.

But as experience revealed in the late 19th and early 20th centuries, nations can create a competitive advantage - particularly in the production of manufactured goods and often in agriculture as well. Capital, technology, and skills can be brought together behind a wall of government-imposed import barriers, thereby allowing an infant industry to mature into a world-class competitor. In such instances, natural advantages are useful, but the ultimate determination of advantage is the availability and quality of the factors of production (capital, technology, and labor) and the policies of government (subsidies and protection). The industrial economies of the United States, Germany, and Japan arose in the late 19th centuries, for instance, through the public-private creation of numerous competitive advantages for specific industries.

Now, a third type of advantage is emerging in the world economy - absolute advantage.

In a post-Cold War world where capital and technology are highly mobile, former Assistant Secretary of Treasury for Economic Policy, Paul Craig Roberts, postulates that China and a handful of other populous countries are combining foreign capital and advanced foreign technologies with their talented penny-wage labor to create an unbeatable advantage in many economic sectors - what he describes as "absolute advantage."

So long as Chinese producers can hold their wages to a tiny fraction of U.S. producers' and maintain access to virtually unlimited amounts of foreign capital and the world's most advanced technologies, free trade with China will inevitably result in the destruction of vast numbers of U.S. producers and jobs - manufacturing, high-knowledge services, and agriculture.

America is vulnerable to such losses because U.S. trade policy is based on the 19th century economic theory of comparative advantage rather than 21st century realities of absolute advantage.

We think Dr. Paul Craig Robert's postulation merits wide public debate and the immediate attention of U.S. policy makers.

What do you think?



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THE WEEK

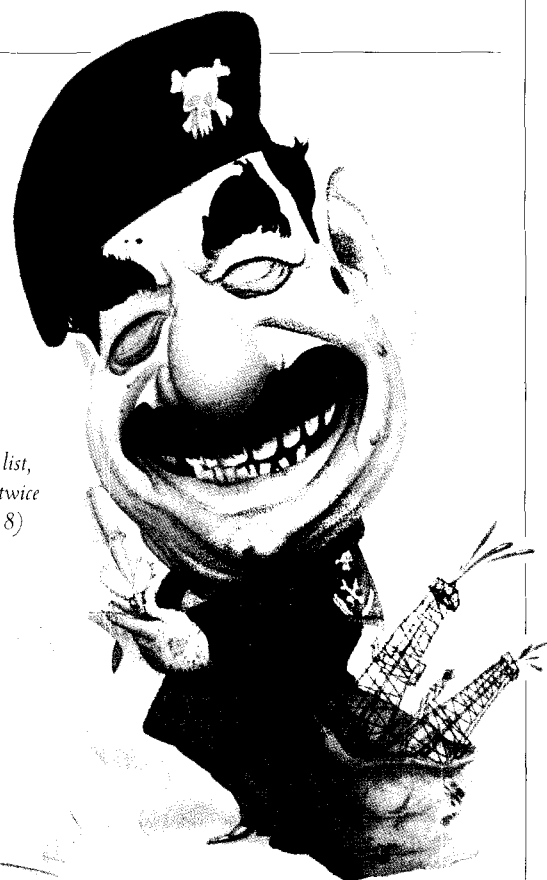
■ Maybe, instead of steroids, the State of the Union address should have condemned the abuse of botox?

■ John Kerry would frown about that comment, if he could.

■ Senator Kerry firmed up his status as the likely Democratic presidential nominee. He is said, probably correctly, to be more electable than Howard Dean. But this is to pick out one of the brighter stars in a dim constellation. Kerry opposes the death penalty in almost all circumstances, is unwilling to do anything to prevent gay marriage, and once sponsored a bill to ensure that welfare benefits would continue to flow to people whose “disability” was a fondness for crack cocaine. He is, in short, a Massachusetts liberal. And while some pundits are saying that labeling politicians that way is tired, we suspect that the electorate will find that running candidates who deserve the title is even more so. Kerry’s unquestionable heroism in the Vietnam War is unlikely to immunize him from scrutiny of his questionable foreign-policy judgment (and should not shield him from scrutiny of his record of describing his fellow veterans as war criminals). The national electorate has not yet fixed his persona in its mind; when it does, the impression may not be favorable. Kerry ought to be beatable. But President Bush’s reelection is not, for all that, foreordained. His administration has shown troubling signs of drift in recent weeks. The State of the Union address produced not the usual “bounce” but rather, as Democratic analyst Ruy Teixeira says, a “thud.” Conservatives, while appreciating the indispensable role of a committed president in conducting the war on terrorism, are increasingly appalled by Bush’s record of profligate spending (see “Wretched Excess,” below). If the president is displaying inertia now, what can we expect of a second term? If Bush does not provide reasons for thinking his second term will be productive—reasons that are compelling to conservatives and others—the question just might become moot.

■ Sen. Barbara Boxer introduced the Freedom of Choice Act, which she says would be a statutory version of the Supreme Court’s decisions on abortion. The bill would, as *Roe v. Wade* did, make it legal to procure an abortion through all nine months of pregnancy. But the bill would also go further than the Supreme Court has ever gone. The federal government and state governments would be required to fund abortion. Boxer’s bill would strike down informed-consent laws, too. People rightly jumped on Wesley Clark for saying that he supported abortion until the moment of birth, but—as Boxer’s bill demonstrates—all he did was to state openly the consensus position of the Democratic party. One of Boxer’s co-sponsors is the most conservative member of the presidential field: Sen. Joe Lieberman. (Former member, we should say.) Today’s Democrats support abortion on demand, at any time, and with tax-

*Making a list,
checking it twice
(see page 8)*



payer funding. The major differences among them concern what verbal formulae to use to conceal that fact.

■ Let’s say you’re Bill Frist, the Senate majority leader. A junior Republican staffer on the Judiciary Committee has discovered a way to peek at internal Democratic memos concerning the battle over the president’s judicial nominees. The memos are bombshells. One strongly suggests that Democrats tried to influence the outcome of a pending case in a federal court by delaying the confirmation of one of the president’s appeals-court choices. Another reveals that Democrats opposed another GOP nominee because “he is Latino, and the White House seems to be grooming him for a Supreme Court appointment.” Almost all the memos show Democrats practically taking orders from the left-wing interest groups most dedicated to stopping the president’s nominees. So what do you, Senator Frist, do about that? Why, you crack down, and crack down hard—on Republicans. You go along with a Democrat-inspired investigation, not of the conduct described in the memos but of the way the memos became public. Even when you learn that no Republican stole any memos or hacked into any computers—as it turns out, they were available to anyone who logged into the committee’s system—you’re still not satisfied. You want the resignation of one of your own senior staffers, who



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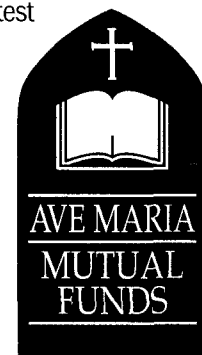
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THE WEEK...

used to work for the Judiciary Committee and saw the memos there. In the end, Democrats will pay no price for the behavior documented in the memos, while Republicans, on your orders, will flog themselves for discovering that behavior. Now that's leadership.

■ In the immediate aftermath of September 11, Congress passed the Patriot Act to make it easier for law enforcement to fight terrorism. Ever since, civil libertarians of the right and left have been complaining, and often indulging in ill-informed hysteria. Now some senators from both parties—including Republicans Larry Craig, Lisa Murkowski, and John Sununu, and Democrats Dick Durbin, Russ Feingold, and Ted Kennedy—have teamed up to provide what they call a moderate set of reforms to correct the worst features of the Patriot Act. But the bill, called the Safe Act, is anything but moderate. Under current law, investigators can ask courts to issue “sneak and peek” warrants, in which the target is notified after the search has taken place. This is a common-sense procedure: Sometimes the FBI needs to be able to search Tony Soprano’s home without tipping him off. The Safe Act would restrict this ability. It does not just modify the Patriot Act; it would actually restrict law enforcement more than the pre-Patriot law. Terrorism investigators would be operating under more constraints than they faced before September 11. Because of these provisions and others, Attorney General John Ashcroft has just said that he would recommend a veto if the Safe Act were to reach the president’s desk. Let’s hope that enough congressmen have the sense to keep that from happening.

■ From time to time, the journalist Andrew Sullivan makes the argument that the establishment of gay marriage, for which he is a prominent polemicist, is the only way of preventing a proliferation of marriage-lite alternatives such as civil unions and domestic partnerships. In a recent squib, he wrote that *National Review* is so hostile to gay marriage that we, “bizarrely,” favor the creation of “new and more elaborate marriage-lite options

for gays and straights.” That *would* be bizarre, if true. Let us clarify our position. We favor a constitutional amendment as the only means to prevent federal and state judges from imposing gay marriage or marriage-lite without a vote of the people. We discussed one proposed amendment that would also have prohibited state legislatures from creating gay marriage or, indeed, granting any benefits to gay couples as such. Under this proposal, a legislature could decide that any two roommates would, for example, have the power to co-sign loans for each other, without inquiring about their conjugal status. A legislature could call this arrangement a “civil union” if it chose. A few observations about this idea: 1) We did not say that state legislatures should create such institutions; we said only that they should continue to have the ability to do so. Sullivan, who often lectures conservatives about the virtues of “federalism” when it is understood as rule by state judiciaries, should understand that. 2) It is not obvious that the ability of any two people to co-sign each other’s loans would undermine marriage. Would a young man really be able to put off his girlfriend’s demand for marriage by signing up for this right, open to all roommates? 3) The thrust of our editorial was to say that the amendment should focus on the courts and that all other provisions were expendable. 4) When civil unions have actually been at issue, who has been more opposed to them—Sullivan or opponents of gay marriage such as ourselves? Who’s kidding whom here?

■ Was it another inflammatory racial crime of the kind that afflicted New York under its last three mayors, and that gave Tom Wolfe a bestseller? Officer Richard Neri, a housing cop, shot and killed Timothy Stansbury Jr., an unarmed 19-year-old, on the roof of the Louis Armstrong Houses in Brooklyn. The *New York Times*, among others, pumped the bellows. Housing project rooftops, it wrote, “are places of everyday convenience . . . a pebbled illusion of space and open skies, even a picnic ground.” Except at night, the time of the shooting, when they become the haunts of drug dealers and rapists, which might explain the officer’s state of mind. Mayor Bloomberg has handled this well so far, attending Stansbury’s funeral, but letting the investigation (now in the hands of the Brooklyn district attorney) take its course. If Neri was negligent, he should pay the penalty. Life is bad, and sad enough, without demagogues making it worse.

■ An Iraqi newspaper has published a list, recovered from the Iraqi oil ministry, of foreign individuals and organizations whom Saddam Hussein bribed with oil revenues, generated by the U.N.-administered oil-for-food program. “Those whom you used to see on television meeting Saddam did not usually come out empty-handed,” a former Baathist official told the *Sunday Times* of London. “We paid dearly.” While we cannot vouch for the veracity of the report, it makes intuitive sense. Pure disinterestedness is rare in the world: Even Communist ideologue Alger Hiss was rewarded with Bokhara rugs. Let the Iraqis investigate the matter carefully, as they have pledged to do, and let us remember that fear, hatred of America, and indifference to the oppression of brown peoples were also sufficient motive for singing Saddam’s tune.

■ Outwardly celebrating its 25th anniversary, the Iranian

ORANGE ALERT

*The deficit's growing like Topsy,
Or, if you're the Wonderland kind,
Like Alice, who gulped an elixir
That made her behind feel confined.
The president eyes the brouhaha,
Serene as a swan on a pond;
Conservatives sweat, but discreetly—
Chalk-white in the Slough of Despond.*

—W. H. VON DREELE



Israel and the Settlements

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Those who have consistently supported Israel, but not "Greater Israel," could be excused for experiencing a sense of vindication as one right-of-center Israeli leader after another has urged unilateral Israeli withdrawals from the West Bank or Gaza Strip, at least from those settlements that are most difficult to justify or defend. The Likud's Yuval Steinitz, head of the Knesset Foreign Affairs and Defense Committee, has called for a pullback from the Gaza Strip, leaving the Palestinians to form their state there. Ehud Olmert, mayor of Jerusalem and a likely future candidate for prime minister, wants to abandon both Gaza and the more remote West Bank settlements. Others urge partial withdrawal as long as Israel annexes the remaining land—a formula that reportedly carries the blessing of Prime Minister Ariel Sharon.

Why the change in thinking among Israeli hard-liners? Surely one reason is the cost of the eroding but still troublesome Intifada. Another is the demographic threat of a Palestinian population that may one day reject a two-state solution and urge instead majority rule in a single political entity. Finally, the Israelis don't trust Palestinian negotiators. With or without Arafat, they want no Oslo redux. Defensible borders, they say, are more important than negotiated borders; and, particularly with the erasure of the Iraqi threat from the east, Israel's borders have never been more defensible.

But a closer analysis suggests that the advantages of a partial withdrawal are modest and the downsides, great. A pullback would be treated by Palestinian extremists as a great victory—a vindication for their strategy of terror. They would

seize the abandoned land and continue their jihad against the Jewish state. And their effort would be reinforced because no one, not even the United States, would recognize new, unilaterally declared borders. World opinion would hold the action illegal and provocative. And this time world opinion would be right.

Moreover, the terms Israel could achieve at the negotiating table are nothing to sneer at. From Camp David through Taba to Geneva, every serious plan has contained provisions establishing an international peacekeeping force. Every one has provided for a demilitarized Palestinian state. Every one has forbidden the Palestinians to enter alliances hostile to Israel. Every one has allowed a continuing Israeli security presence on Palestinian soil and the right of Israeli military planes to conduct exercises in Palestinian air space. And every one has demanded the renunciation of all claims not part of the negotiated deal—by far the best way to extinguish the Palestinian "right of return" to villages inside Israeli territory.

In diplomacy as in war, timing is everything. **The moment is approaching when negotiations with the Palestinians will be less a reward for terrorism than a way for Israel to consolidate political gains.** Outside the Jerusalem suburbs, which Israel would annex, the settlements are monuments to the fanaticism of the few compounded by the political cowardice of the many. They should revert to the Palestinians as part of a negotiated peace. But withdrawing from them unilaterally makes no more sense than building them in the first place.

—Robert Zelnick

Robert Zelnick is a research fellow at the Hoover Institution and chairman of the Department of Journalism at Boston University.

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THE WEEK...

regime has alienated public support to the point of losing legitimacy. For some time, reformers and hardliners have been dancing a careful minuet, always in step, for fear that revolution will overwhelm them all. Ultimate power rests with Supreme Leader Ali Khamenei and a twelve-man Council of Guardians. For fear of an outcome that would hand greater power to President Mohammad Khatami and his reforming bloc, they decided to rig the parliamentary elections due on February 20. They blocked about 2,400 avowed reformers out of the 8,000 or more candidates standing, and further ensured that, in about half of the 290 electoral districts, there would be a single candidate, naturally one of their own. Khatami and some of his supporters say their only course now is to cancel elections or order ballots listing blocked candidates. More than a third of the members of the current parliament have resigned in protest against the move to muzzle them and pack a future chamber. But until enough of them have an idea how to back out of the ideological dead-

end their country is in, the minuet must continue.

■ Dr. Abdul Qadeer Khan, father of the Pakistani bomb, and hitherto considered a responsible person, has administered an awful shock. Khan now admits that he built and supervised an extensive network to smuggle the technology and centrifuges required to enrich uranium for nuclear weapons to rogue North Korea, Iran, and Libya. He made sure to evade all national and international controls to prevent nuclear proliferation. His motives, he says, were to ease Western pressure on Pakistan, and to help the Muslim cause—although North Korea is hardly Muslim. At the same time, he was acquiring property, living extravagantly, and admits to greed. It is hard to believe his claim that the Pakistani government knew nothing about the activities of this most celebrated of Pakistanis, who has placed his own country and the rest of the world in jeopardy.

■ “I witnessed a whole family being tested on suffocating gas and dying in the gas chamber—the parents, son, and a daughter. The parents were vomiting and dying, but till the very last moment they tried to save [the] kids by doing mouth-to-mouth breathing. . . . The glass chamber is sealed airtight. . . .



Spiting the Booboisie

PICTURE two panicked pop stars, stressing out in their dressing room. Both are nervous, jittery; they need something, anything, to get them through their next act. In a frenzy, they stumble on a fix that just might give them the charge they need.

Cocaine? Nope: boobie.

That's right. According to various news accounts, Justin Timberlake and Janet Jackson were desperate to provide a “reveal” at the end of their now-infamous Super Bowl half-time duet, produced by MTV. Timberlake's song “Rock Your Body” included the lyric “I'll have you naked by the end of this song,” and both Jackson (age 37) and Timberlake (23) felt it was imperative to stay true to their art. The original plan was for Jackson to wear a long skirt that Timberlake could then yank off for an exciting dénouement. But the skirt proved too cumbersome to dance in (one wonders how Ginger Rogers ever managed).

So, the duo decided that Timberlake should just rip off her leather corset, revealing—according to their story—her red bra. Unfortunately, while they were supposedly able to jerry-rig a breakaway leather bodice in a matter of minutes in their dressing room, their sewing skills were not equal to their leatherworking and the bra could not be fortified enough to withstand the brunt of Timberlake's bodice-ripping strength. This now infamous “wardrobe malfunction” (Timberlake's

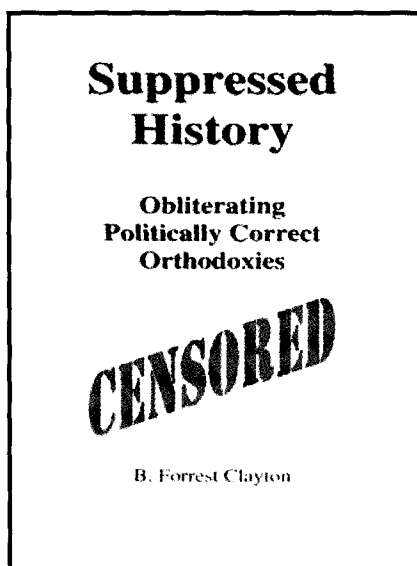
words) caused some 100 million Americans to see that Janet Jackson wears what appears to be a pewter nipple thingamajig that, needless to say, was not too cumbersome to dance in.

Now the FCC is investigating. MTV and CBS are apologizing to the public like shamed Japanese executives while still yelling at each other. The NFL says it will never work with MTV ever again and AOL wants the money it spent co-sponsoring the thing refunded because the nudity prevents them from streaming the routine over the web (and who says we can't fight Internet porn?). There was talk that Janet and Justin would be banned from the Grammy Awards. A banner crop of recrimination and outrage in all the right directions! Not bad, when you think that ABC considered country singer Toby Keith to be too controversial (read: patriotic) for a Fourth of July celebration.

But there's one aspect that hasn't gotten enough attention. And that is Justin and Janet's addiction. They were desperate to “show” something to viewers for a reason. MTV ushered in the age of crotch-grabbing two decades ago. At this point, what was once risqué is now kitsch. The fact that these sad cases are still hooked on such antics is a sign of how played-out the MTV culture has become. Shocking the bourgeois and tradition-bound is a longstanding tactic for artists lacking real talent, which explains Madonna's half-life nicely. But this time around the response from much of America doesn't seem to be Comstockery so much as contempt. Even those who think critics and parents are overreacting seem incapable of saying the boob-flap wasn't pathetic. This hardly constitutes a victory in the culture war, but it's something.

—JONAH GOLDBERG

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For example, the former chairman of the Anthropology Department at the Smithsonian Institution says there is new scientific evidence that the first people in North America were not Indians from Asia who walked across the Bering Strait Land Bridge, but were Caucasoids from Europe. These Caucasoids came over on boats along the North Atlantic ice sheets and into the eastern seaboard of what today is called the United States. The political left is suppressing the archeological finds, which support this new theory, because these finds are not politically correct, although they are factually correct. The Clinton White House and their Secretary of the Interior, Bruce Babbitt, initially spearheaded the suppression of these finds. This suppression of scientific evidence continues today in our children's American and World History textbooks. Read all about it in B. Forrest Clayton's new blockbuster book *Suppressed History: Obliterating Politically Correct Orthodoxies*.

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THE WEEK...

Normally, a family sticks together and individual prisoners stand separately around the corners. Scientists observe the entire process from above, through the glass." These are the words of North Korean defector Kwon Hyuk, who was formerly chief of management of a concentration camp in that country. Hyuk is only one of many defectors bringing eyewitness accounts, and in some cases smuggled documents, testifying to the practice of trying the effects of poison gases and liquids on live prisoners. When a North Korean is arrested for political "crimes," his family goes to the camps with him; this accounts for the availability of entire families as test subjects. These unimaginable horrors have been going on for decades. They are going on now, as you read. Anything the U.S. government does that prolongs the life of Kim Jong Il's vile psychopathic regime by even one day is an act of complicity in his horrible crimes. North Korea is a blot on the human race, an outrage to the conscience of the civilized world. We should do everything we reasonably can to bring an end to his monstrous despotism, not only for our own security, but also for the relief of North Korea's too-long-suffering people, and in the name of humanity.

■ Speaking before the United Nations this past September, President Bush called on the world to crack down on sex slavery. Nearly a million women and children are estimated to be abused by this trade around the world, including in the United States. Both the Justice Department and the State Department have made significant progress on their respective fronts. In January, thanks to U.S. pressure and an investigation by the International Justice Mission (an American nonprofit group), a brothel operator in Cambodia was sentenced to 20 years for trafficking in children. In that arrest alone, 37 victims, many of them under the age of twelve, were rescued. The U.S. under President Bush has taken the lead in a necessary human-rights struggle—one that his predecessor deemed too impolite to begin—that should not cease until the networks are broken and children are freed.

■ Although Castro lost the USSR, a new patron has been found: not a great power, but a willing supplier of the oil Cuba needs. Fidel's benefactor and new best buddy is Hugo Chávez, leftist president of Venezuela. According to internal documents from Venezuela's state oil company, Cuba has run up a \$752 million tab on Venezuelan oil shipments this past three years. Prospects for repayment are, according to the *Wall Street Journal*, slim. The company's employees are now forbidden to talk about the Cuban contracts, or to send letters or e-mails on the subject. All this is in the context of growing strategic collaboration between Chávez and Castro to frustrate U.S. policy throughout Latin America, seen most recently when a leftist alliance with ties to both leaders forced the resignation of Bolivia's president, Sánchez de Lozada. Chávez is also instrumental in efforts to undermine the U.S.-sponsored Free Trade Area of the Americas (which, as currently planned, will exclude Cuba). It is possible that this new run of luck for Fidel may soon

end, though. Venezuela's political opposition has petitioned for a recall election, gathering over 3.4 million signatures. If Chávez permits that election and then loses it, the Cuban economy will be back to where it was when the USSR went kaput, and Fidel will be looking for yet another patron. Being a paragon of progressive humanity is all very well, but someone has to pay the bills.

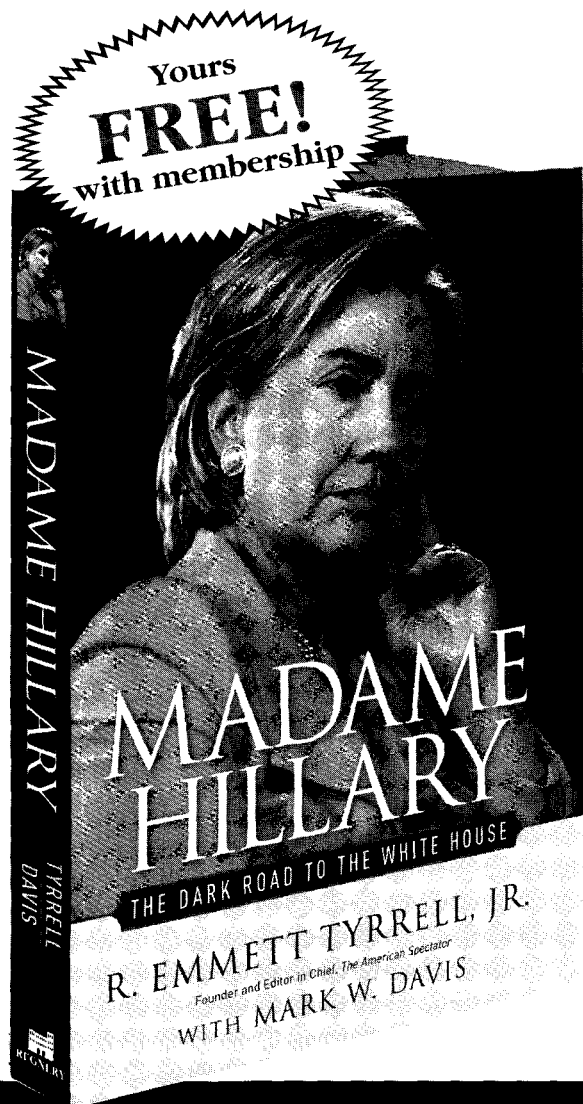
■ If my dearest wish is to kill and eat a fellow human being, and if your dearest wish is to be killed and eaten, and if we should chance to meet and confide our desires to each other, and if I should then, with your eager consent, go ahead and kill and eat you, has a wrong been done? Such are the ethical conundrums of the early 21st century. In the particular case of Armin Meiwes, who killed and ate a person he had contacted via the Internet, recording the entire horrid process on video, a German court gave a verdict of manslaughter and sentenced Herr Meiwes to eight and a half years, of which he will probably serve about five. The mild-mannered anthropophage had methodically bagged, labeled, and frozen the flesh of his victim (collaborator? "partner"?), and consumed more than 40 pounds of it during the 21 months between the killing and his arrest. From the point of view of modern rationalist ethics, it is hard to see any objection to Herr Meiwes's hobby. As the video record makes plain, nothing happened that could not be fairly described as agreed transactions between consenting adults. In order to see the mutilation, killing, and eating of a fellow human being for what they are—appalling aberrations of the human spirit—you need to have some conception of that spirit as more than a mere bundle of carnal desires requiring satisfaction. Herr Meiwes has no such conception. To judge from the state of our culture, in fact, Herr Meiwes is in this respect, if not in his culinary preferences, unremarkable.

■ Does art progress, in the manner of science? An article in a December issue of *Nature* gives pause for reflection. It reports on the discovery in a cave at Tuebingen of sculpture dating from the Ice Age. Even with the crude instruments then available, the artifacts, more than 30,000 years old, are remarkably beautiful, interpretive, and well executed. Moreover, the quantity of other material in the cave suggests that this was a sort of workshop. All this reflects not only a very early human impulse toward aesthetic representation but a simultaneous aesthetic sense, and also testifies to the fact that art is not progressive. Thus Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare are usually thought the greatest poets in the Western tradition. It would be difficult to argue the superiority of one to the others, as it would be to argue that Picasso and Matisse are superior to Rembrandt or Michelangelo. Science, on the other hand, is cumulative, as the pioneer Francis Bacon said. Even the humblest lab technician can contribute, or the schooled but unimaginative professor teach even advanced courses. Art does not progress. But then, if you've been to the Whitney, you already know that.

■ A delicious morsel from Joe Eszterhas's new exposé of Hollywood. We learn—from the *New York Post*'s account of the book—that Glenn Close was hesitant to take the part of the lawyer in *Jagged Edge*, the 1985 movie, because the character kills the bad guy in the final scene. As the *Post* put it, "Close told

HILLARY: Dishonest, Grasping, and Corrupt

And, She's Going to Do Everything She Can to Become President



“THIS IS A WOMAN WHO’S BEEN FIRST LADY, WHO’S LIVED IN THE White House and shared power with a president,” says one of Hillary’s fellow Senators. “Her ambition is not the Senate leadership... It’s obvious she has a much greater goal in mind. Her ambition is the White House, with all the moves to prepare the way.” Now, R. Emmett Tyrrell and Mark Davis reveal in *Madame Hillary: The Dark Road to the White House* that not only is Hillary determined to be President: she has the power, the influence, and the determination to attain that goal.

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THE WEEK...

Eszterhas [that] 'some of my friends in New York' would see it as a 'vigilante movie' with right-wing tendencies." Er, no, that's Charles Bronson, honey. And, you know? We think we know those friends in New York!

■ The American Library Association is one of the most determinedly Left organizations in the United States. For example, it refuses to support the independent librarians whom Castro has imprisoned in Cuba. So, Nat Hentoff, the lefty civil libertarian who writes for *The Village Voice*, has renounced—his word, "renounce"—the award the ALA gave him in 1983. Good on him.

THE BUDGET

Wretched Excess

PRESIDENT BUSH—and Washington politicians generally—have been acting in recent years as though voters do not care about profligate spending. But conservative voters care, and they have grown more and more upset by rising federal spending. For many conservatives, the breaking point came when Bush signed a Medicare bill that was supposed to increase spending by \$400 billion over the next ten years. Conservative opponents of the bill predicted the price tag would be even larger than that. At the end of January, the Bush administration acknowledged that they were right: The true cost would probably be closer to \$534 billion. Other conservatives gave Bush a pass, on the theory that the public demand for a prescription-drug coverage was too strong to resist. But this excuse could not apply to Bush's proposal for a mission to Mars or for an expansion of the National Endowment for the Arts—neither of them coupled with compensatory spending cuts.

The NEA may be a small fraction of the budget, but its import is larger than the numbers suggest. Conservatives have been trying to abolish it for over a decade, and the struggle over it became a key test of the relative strength of populist conservatism and the Washington establishment. (It sometimes seems as though every congressional spouse is on the board of an arts group that gets NEA money.) The administration appears to believe that the program is now worthy of extra funding because it is under good management and will no longer direct subsidies to tediously transgressive art. We have confidence in the good judgment of NEA chairman Dana Gioia. But even if we assume, implausibly, that future administrations will install equally sound managers, why should the subsidization of art be a federal function at all? It would be a mistake for the administration to stop asking that question of such programs to pat itself on the back for its managerial skills.

Some conservatives contend that we should not worry about federal spending. Daniel Casse, writing in *Commentary*, argues that spending cuts "are far less important to economic health than is the promotion of growth." That is true; even tautolo-

gous. But spending cuts would be good for the economy insofar as federal spending—whether financed by taxes or borrowing—represents a federal claim on resources that would otherwise remain in the private sector. There are also non-economic reasons for wanting to restrain federal spending: not least that such spending encourages an unhealthy dependence of the citizenry on the federal government.

Both of the preceding points suggest that conservatives ought to be keeping an eye on spending, not on deficits. We agree with the administration when it says that current deficits are manageable in relation to the size of the economy. We agree, as well, that increased economic growth will go some way toward reducing those deficits. But the federal government has been growing faster than the economy in recent years. Absent the political decision to restrain spending, there is every reason to think that faster growth will merely lead to even more profligacy. The Republicans promise to cut the deficit in half over the next five years. They should promise instead to cut, or at least restrain the growth of, spending.

That they made any promise is evidence that they are beginning to grow concerned about the restiveness of conservatives. President Bush's new budget is restrained, compared with his previous ones. He says he will keep tight control of that fraction of the budget called domestic discretionary spending. He also says that he will reform the budget process. In the future, proposals for spending will have to be offset by proposals for cuts. Bush's aides have sent a welcome signal by threatening a veto of the highway bill. (Bush wants to spend \$256 billion on it, while the Senate wants \$311 billion and the House \$375 billion.) Bush will have to make that threat himself—and be willing to act on it, even in an election year.

But there is much more the president and congressional Republicans could do. The new budget excludes funding for operations in Afghanistan and Iraq. The amount of spending necessary there may be unpredictable, but surely some minimum level could be set aside in the budget. If we truly are at war—as the president and we believe—surely some domestic spending should be sacrificed to finance it. (The Democrats will say that tax cuts should be sacrificed, too. But Republicans should simply respond that they do not wish to damage the economy, and relish the ensuing debate.)

Congress should conduct a long-overdue house cleaning of the appropriations committees. The budget reforms should include a mandatory freeze for domestic programs that cannot pass an audit of their existing spending. The Export-Import Bank, the Overseas Private Investment Corporation, and all the rest of the subsidies to corporations should be ended.

There are two more steps the president should take. To rebuild his credibility on spending, Bush should forthrightly admit that spending has been growing too fast. And he should demonstrate a real commitment to enacting a free-market reform of Social Security early in his second term. Conservatives are, and should be, willing to tolerate some excess spending today if they can look forward to reforms that will constrain the growth of government tomorrow. But there is no substitute for political leadership that is willing, sometimes, to say no.

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Intelligence Quotient

IT turns out we were all wrong" about Saddam Hussein's WMD, former chief weapons inspector David Kay told the Senate Armed Services Committee. These blunt words, after months of failing to find such weapons, forced President Bush to call for a bipartisan commission to examine American intelligence operations.

Kay repudiated a central article of faith in the religion of conspiracy: that the administration, hot to topple Saddam, pressured intelligence analysts to give it the evidence it needed. Kay said he had "not come across a single one" who had been leaned on in that fashion. The intelligence community and the administration alike were, however, pressured by their own expectations. Saddam had possessed and used poison gas, and was determined to build other forms of WMD. He had been defying U.N. inspectors for four years. Therefore, it seemed likely that he had restocked his arsenal. The Bush administration believed it; so did the Clinton administration. So did Britain. So did the anti-war Left, including France and Germany. (One reason the peaceniks advanced for not invading Iraq was that Saddam would unleash his WMD.)

Expectations cut both ways. We presumed that Libya was too low-tech to have a serious nuclear program—until Colonel Qaddafi told us that he would abandon one that was more advanced than we had imagined. Intelligence agencies

must be able to stretch their own paradigms, to cast a wide net. Clearly ours, which have enjoyed a long romance with technological data-gathering at the expense of human intelligence, need a shake-up.

But intelligence can never tell us everything. Leaders must understand the minds of their enemies, and the nature of the world they live in. Furtive, dictatorial, aggressive regimes with powerful grudges against the United States deserve our suspicion. When they are patrons of terror, they deserve our hostility. September 11—which was accomplished not by WMD, but by box cutters—has raised the stakes immeasurably. Such countries as North Korea, Iran, Libya, and Saddam's Iraq must understand that they live on borrowed time. In many situations we will use diplomacy, as we have with North Korea and Libya. In others, we will wait on domestic developments, as in Iran. In still others, we will try isolation, as we did for many years with Iraq. But when the best intelligence we have, plus the nature of the beast, counsels force, then we must use it. We cannot wait, as Condi Rice once put it, until our smoking gun is Chicago.

The administration must not think, however, that everyone understands and accepts pre-emption in an age of terror. These are new presumptions for a world that we now understand to be dangerous. The case for them must be made, and defended. It must also be accompanied by an assurance to the public that the intelligence gathering that assists our leaders in analyzing the threats against us will be done in the most intelligent way possible. The administration's insistence, until the day before yesterday, that no mistakes had been made has not served it well.

notes & asides

■ WFB's remarks at the White House tribute to Russell Kirk, Oct. 24, 2003

The death of Russell Kirk on April 29, 1994, left the conservative community desolate. He had been omnipresent, coming at us from every direction. He wrote a seminal book, *The Conservative Mind*, and, for many years, a syndicated column. He lectured, gave speeches, wrote ghost stories and histories, and edited anthologies. Through it all he maintained a lovely presence as ever so marginally bohemian, the orthodox husband of a beautiful wife, father of four daughters, obdurately professorial in demeanor; yet those who paid special notice never needed to wait too long before catching a wink, in what he said, and how he said it and acted.

My own association with him—and here I clutch, with your permission, into the personal mode—preceded the birth of NATIONAL REVIEW. I had of course read his important book, and we had the same publisher. But we had not met. The publication of NATIONAL REVIEW was now anticipated to begin about a year later, and I judged that it was time to come to terms with Russell Kirk.

It was in the fall of 1954. I made the date, flew to Detroit, and rented a car. I had a single objective, and greatly feared that I would fail in it. I hoped ardently that Professor Kirk would consent to contribute, beginning with the opening issue, a regular column to NATIONAL REVIEW on the educational scene in America.

I confess I was very nervous.

Although Russell was only a few years older, at 28 I felt that an entire world separated us, so wide a gulf between his learning and my own. Arriving in Mecosta in the late afternoon, after two hours on the road, I went to the public telephone at the post office to tell him of my arrival. Could I have the number for Dr. Russell Kirk? I asked the operator who came on the line. She replied, "You looking for Russell? He's at the store right now." Well, I might as well ask her for driving instructions. I killed time for fifteen minutes to allow him to get back from the store, and drove to Piety Hill.

Professor Kirk was then a bachelor, and shortly after I arrived to stay overnight as a guest at his house, he motioned me out the door, got into my car, and directed me to a neighborhood restaurant, where he sat down and promptly ordered two—"t-two"—Tom Collinses. Emboldened by that

always slightly aloof warmth, which was his social trademark, I put it to him directly. I wanted him for a conservative national magazine. He replied instantly: Yes. He would undertake to write a weekly column for my prospective journal.

I was so elated by his spontaneous and generous willingness to associate his august name with that of a wizened ex-schoolboy known mostly for an iconoclastic screed directed at his alma mater that I took to ordering more Tom Collinses, but in every case, one for each of us. The evening proceeded toward a pitch of such genial exuberance that, at nearly midnight, I was barely able to drive back to Piety Hill. My host led me to the guest room, opposite the lighted study to which he told me he would now repair, and bade me goodnight. I collapsed into my bed, was asleep in five minutes, and rose seven hours later. I opened the door and bumped into Russell Kirk emerging from his study.

He had, in the interval since dinner, written a chapter of his history of St. Andrews University, and would catch a little sleep after he served me breakfast.

In the ensuing 25 years he never missed a deadline. He covered the educational scene nationwide, as a philosopher of education, and an observer of college life and teaching. He did not shrink from period polemics and came up with dispositive characterizations of educators he didn't esteem. These included the president of the University of Michigan, where Professor Kirk had once taught. The president had a degree in agricultural economics. Russell Kirk regularly referred to him as a "Chickenologist."

He strode on, and at his wedding a few years later—to the woman his readers became accustomed to his identifying as "the beauteous Annette"—I deliberated that possibly the most useful gift I might make him would be a honeymoon's-length moratorium from his column, inasmuch as he was off to Scotland for six weeks. I stammered out my bounty to

him moments before he walked to the altar at the little church at Idlewild Airport. He acknowledged my gesture by reaching into the pocket of his morning coat and presenting me with—six columns. Perfectly typed. Perfectly edited. Perfectly executed. Not many contemporaries could rival Russell Kirk's extraordinary professionalism, ranking him with Samuel Johnson and G. K. Chesterton.

He served us notice, a few months before our 25th anniversary, in 1980, that he planned to discontinue his column at that point. He gave no reason for doing so and, after 25 years of loyal and regular service, questions weren't asked. A. J. Nock, I remember, recalled in one of his essays that Thoreau abandoned his pencil factory after he had achieved the definitive pencil. What was there left for Russell to do in *NATIONAL REVIEW*, as definitive education editor?

In the ensuing 14 years he wrote many books and a hundred essays, gave a thousand speeches, and influenced the thought of two generations.

He enunciated at one point the ten principles by which a conservatism of thought and imagination should be guided, ten canons which, according as we were faithful to them, we would qualify to term ourselves conservatives.

Conservatives, he said, must believe in an enduring moral order—to which he himself subscribed as an active and wholehearted Christian.

On that matter of his faith he was absolutely explicit. He was not to be confused with a metaphorical Christian. "It is no wonder," he wrote me ten years ago, "that the Pharisees regarded with suspicion, nay, horror, the Nazarene who advised them to resist evil. But the Resurrection in the flesh—which some now hint was bound up with nuclear disintegration and reintegration, our solid flesh being known now to consist of innumerable electrical particles held in

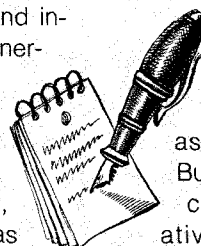
coherence by means of which we know nothing—proved that indeed Jesus the son had transcended matter and was divine. The Resurrection," he explained, "is critical both to my personal faith and to the whole elaborate edifice called Christianity. It is now more rationally possible to believe in the Resurrection than it was in Saint Paul's time."

The conservative of whatever religious faith—he went on, in listing his ten commandments—must acknowledge custom, convention, and continuity. We must believe in the principle of prescription. That, of course, relieves us of the daily autodidactic chore of evolving rules of personal and civic behavior.

The conservative must be guided by prudence and an acceptance of variety, and, always, a denial of any notion of perfectibility on earth. Russell Kirk argued with increasing vehemence the link between freedom and property, and pleaded the importance of community, which he exemplified in his total commitment to Mecosta, Michigan. And, standing in the way of the inclination of some critics to think of Kirk as bound by the horizons of Burke, he pronounced his tenth canon: "The thinking conservative understands that permanence and change must be reconciled in a vigorous society." Kirk was rooted in Burke, but not confined by him.

He lived his life as he prescribed it, working long days, traveling incessantly, reading day and night, tending to his family. On that last day on earth, in a life which we are here to commemorate, he awoke at Piety Hill, exchanged words with his wife and two of his daughters, closed his eyes, and died. Few have made offerings, or repaid debts, to their family, to their country, and to their faith so extravagantly.

—WFB



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—Dean Rieck,
Direct Marketing magazine
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■ 2004 ■

Going South

The Democrats aren't; their prospects are

RAMESH PONNURU

MICHAEL KINSLEY once noted that in Washington, a gaffe is when someone blurts out the truth. Toward the end of his New Hampshire campaign, John Kerry made just this kind of error. Asked whether he could win votes in the South, Kerry responded: "Everybody always makes the mistake of looking South. Al Gore proved he could have been president of the United States without winning one southern state, including his own."

The backpedaling began instantly. In his next words, Kerry said, "I think the fight is all over this country." When

southern Democrats complained that the senator was writing off their region, his spokesmen denied the charge.

Republicans will be using Kerry's gaffe against him all year. Ralph Reed, who is helping to run the Bush campaign's southern operations, says, "This is an extraordinary statement for a front-runner to make. I liken it to when Barry Goldwater said he wished he could cut off the Eastern Seaboard and let it float out to sea." Sen. Zell Miller of Georgia is the Republicans' favorite Democrat in part because he has been willing to accuse his own party of condescension toward the South. Kerry's comments will

help Republicans make that case.

But the remarks were not an isolated blunder. Democratic strategists have increasingly taken the view that fighting for the South's electoral votes would be a waste of time and resources. In late December, *The New York Times Magazine* ran a list of the hot new ideas of 2003—a remarkable number of which were plans for reviving liberalism. One of the ideas: "Forget the South."

There was a time when Democrats obsessed about doing better in the South. They have not elected a president from anywhere else since 1960. By 1992, the conventional wisdom that the Democrats needed help in the South was so solid that the party nominated not only Bill Clinton but also Al Gore.

The new strategy makes a virtue of necessity. The Democrats want to write off the South because it's already written them off. As Kerry noted, Gore lost everywhere in the South (although many Democrats still think he was robbed in Florida). If the Democrats can't win there, the argument runs, they should instead try to win states such as Arizona, Nevada, and Ohio.

The idea has been influential. The big new voter-mobilization group the Democrats have started, America Coming Together, is mostly ignoring the South. Florida and Arkansas are the only southern representatives on the organization's list of 17 targeted states. Howard Dean may seem to be a holdout from this new Democratic consensus: He famously said that he would try to appeal to white guys with Confederate flags in their pickups. But Joe Trippi, who managed Dean's campaign until recently, contended that a Democrat could win the presidency without the South. If a Democrat carried the states Gore did plus New Hampshire, he said, he would win in 2004.

A nice try, but, as a number of commentators have pointed out, Trippi's math is wrong. The latest census gave more electoral votes to Bush's states, so Gore's states plus New Hampshire would leave a Democrat just shy of the finish line.

It is of course true that, in theory, a Democrat could win the White House by adding some non-southern states to Gore's states. But that doesn't mean that it's smart to try for that result; it's even less wise to announce the strategy openly.

ROMAN GENN

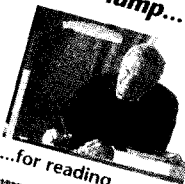
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For five reasons, a party that goes north is likely to go nowhere.

1) Writing off the South means you have to sweep the North. Merle Black, a professor of politics at Emory University, has made the point that a party that gets no southern electoral votes has to get 70 percent of the non-southern ones. Theorists of the non-South strategy often talk as though the Gore states are reliably in the Democratic camp and need only to be supplemented. Why should we believe that? Ken Mehlman, the manager of Bush's re-election campaign, says, "Since Election Day 2000, red America has been getting redder and blue America has been getting purple." He says the campaign will be aggressive in seeking to turn marginal Gore states, especially in the Northwest and Upper Midwest. Sure, the Democrats have a shot at Ohio, Nevada, New Hampshire, and other states. But the Republicans could convert Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and other blue states to red.

2) Not spending resources in the South frees the Republicans, too. Whit Ayres, a Republican consultant based in Georgia, says that to concede the South is "probably a wise allocation of scarce resources for a Democrat as liberal as John Kerry. However, saying you're going to concede the South in so many words does make strategic planning easier for the Republicans." Dollars, and candidate visits, can be redirected to the Midwest.

3) The Democrats aren't totally dead in Dixie. The Clinton-Gore ticket won five southern states in 1992, and five in 1996. A disappointing result in 2000—in the first election after Clinton was impeached—doesn't take these states out of play forever.

4) Writing off the South would hurt Democratic Senate candidates there. There are six Senate races in the South this year: Democratic incumbents are retiring in Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, and both Carolinas, and a Democratic incumbent in Arkansas is up for reelection. If you count Oklahoma as southern,

as some people do, there is a seventh race: a Republican senator there is retiring.

The Democratic candidates in these states may not be clamoring for campaign visits by John Kerry, or whomever the Democrats nominate. But they will want the national Democratic party to run advertising and get-out-the-vote operations. And the larger Bush's margin in these states, the more voters the Democrats will have to persuade to split their tickets—at a time when split-ticket voting is already declining.

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who carries in
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skews too
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Ed Kilgore, policy director for the Democratic Leadership Council, is a Kerry supporter, but he worries about the talk of bypassing the South. (Kilgore is from Georgia.) "It would be very, very helpful to have a Democratic [presidential] campaign that is not a big drag on the ticket," he says. "There's a big difference between getting 45 percent and 25 percent in terms of what happens down-ballot. If it's the latter, holding those [Senate] seats is going to be very difficult."

Then there are the South's state legislatures, a majority of which the Democrats still control. Kilgore says, "I've been hearing that the South was about to become a one-party region literally since 1964. It still hasn't happened. It doesn't need to happen. But it could become a self-fulfilling prophecy, especially this year." As bad as it might be for the Democrats to deploy no resources in the South, the damage will be even more severe if they also appear to insult the region by proclaiming its irrelevance.

5) Ignoring the South can be a way of ignoring important issues. There has been a wishful quality to recent Democratic strategic thought: Much of the party took from the 2002 elections the unlikely lesson that their mistake was to be too timid in challenging President Bush and in rallying their liberal base. Howard Dean argued that he could bring new liberal voters to the polls to counteract the existing electorate's unfortunate tendency to reject his politics.

Today's Democrats have a strong impulse to stay inside their comfort zone and talk only to people who already agree with them on national security, the place of religion in public life, emotional social issues such as gay marriage, and the like. As Kilgore puts it, "When people say write off the South, what they often mean is, 'Let's stop worrying about the kind of things that southerners tend to worry about: national security, cultural issues, ambivalence about government.' . . . 'Let's stop worrying about these troublesome people,' is the undertone of a lot of this commentary."

Viewed in this light, Dean's comments about southern voters were not so much a rejection of the ignore-the-South strategy as a kind of expression of it. His argument was that Republicans had gotten poor southern whites to vote for them on issues of "God, gays, and guns." He would beat this strategy in part by defusing the gun issue. But coming from pro-gun Vermont—where even Bernie Sanders, the declared Socialist who is the state's lone representative in the U.S. House, gets respectable grades from the NRA—Dean had to take a moderate line on guns. His major appeal to southern voters was supposed to be that even crackers need jobs and health insurance.

In other words: The issues that hurt Democrats are phony issues, and the real issues are issues of economics. There is a long and dismal history of such analysis on the left. It is electoral poison. A lot of voters in Ohio—and Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin, and other states Democrats have to win to be competitive—share "southern" sentiments on values. A Democrat who carries in his head a mental map of the country from which the South has been excised will end up with a message that skews too far left. "If they write off the South, they're writing off a lot of the Farm Belt too," says South Carolina Republican congressman Jim DeMint.

Even Cliff Schecter and Ruy Teixeira, commending a highly qualified version of writing off the South in *The American Prospect*, see that danger. Democrats, they write, cannot "relax and be as liberal as they want to be about social issues and cultural sensibilities."

In other words: A "northern strategy" may not even make it in the North. **NR**

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The Carolina Kid

John Edwards, in the act

BYRON YORK

J GREENVILLE, S.C., January 29
 OHN EDWARDS has a serious look on his face. He's a few seconds away from taking the stage at the Allen Temple AME Church, and for a moment he looks almost, well, normal. Then his name is announced and BAM!—Edwards puts on a huge smile, bounds up the stairs, faces the crowd, and thrusts his hands in the air, thumbs up, radiating energy and enthusiasm. After a brief I'm-honored-to-be-here-with-you-today, he's off on his standard stump speech, picked up by the wireless microphone he wears on his tie. "The truth is, we live in an America where there are two different Americas," Edwards begins. "There's one for all those families who have everything they need, they never have to worry about a

In Florence, S.C.

thing, and then there's one for everybody else."

The America for everybody else, as described by Edwards, is a pretty awful place. People can't get health care, can't pay the rent, can't even dream of buying a house. Children go hungry. College is not even a remote possibility.

As Edwards talks, he shrugs his shoulders, sighs, and holds his palms outstretched in a "Can you believe it?" gesture. When he says, "Think about it! In a country of our wealth, to have children going to bed hungry!" he looks toward the ground, shaking his head in a mixture of sorrow and disbelief. When he offers a solution—"You and I can change it, we can build one America!"—he brightens and pounds his fist in the air to show his determination.

Edwards's showmanship has led to a running debate in the political world. Simply put, the question is: Is Edwards a phony? Or is he speaking from the heart? Of course it's impossible to know what Edwards feels inside. But it is possible to say this: He does a very good job of *looking* like a phony.

The problem is not the theme of the "Two Americas" speech, which is a standard, if highly polished, recitation of the "people versus the powerful" appeal that didn't work for Al Gore in 2000. Instead, it's the little things that don't sound quite right. There is, for example, the story about the house in the mill village. Edwards tells South Carolina audiences that he's one of them, and knows what it's like to come from humble beginnings. "I was born in South Carolina," he says. "My parents brought me home to a mill village. My father worked in a mill all his life. I will *never* forget where I came from." In case anyone misses the point, at most appearances, the sound system blares out John Mellencamp's "Small Town," with its lyrics, "I cannot forget where it is that I come from . . ."

But the story is slightly more complicated than that. After his birth, Edwards's parents did indeed bring him home to a mill village; in TV and print ads, the campaign has often used pictures of the tiny house where the family lived. But the ads don't mention that Edwards lived in the house from the time of his birth until he was . . . one year old. By then, his father had been promoted at the mill and the

family moved to a much nicer home. That house does not appear in Edwards's commercials.

That doesn't mean the family was well off, or that Edwards is a liar, just that his life was not quite as humble as he sometimes suggests. Edwards obviously was not born to privilege, and he became a successful multimillionaire lawyer by his own talent and work, and yet for some reason he still feels the need to embellish the story a bit.

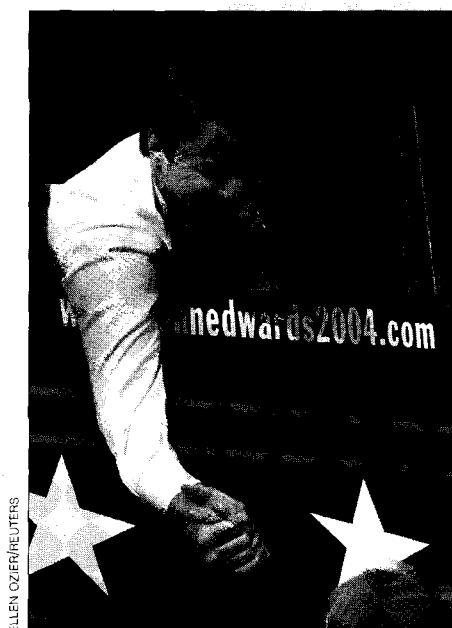
Columbia, S.C., January 30

After the church appearance, and a candidates' debate, Edwards heads to the state capital of Columbia, where he will appear with the other candidates at an event called "Dialogue With America's Families," organized by a Washington-based activist group called the Center for Community Change. It's a loony-Left gathering, with an atmosphere reminiscent of last year's antiwar protests. In the program that precedes the candidates' appearances, a woman takes the stage to sing her personal national anthem—"O beautiful, for darkened skies, for us there is no grain; for purple mountain majesties, above the fruitless plain." Dreadlocked poets read their work from dog-eared notebooks. A speaker yells, "This is the creed for the people in need!" Someone beats an African drum.

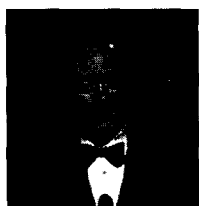
The format is to have a pre-selected group of ordinary citizens question the candidates one-on-one. Edwards comes on stage and gives a brief speech on his anti-poverty plan. Then the first question comes, from a woman named Elaine Johnson, from Orangeburg, S.C. Her 22-year-old son, Darius, was killed in Iraq, she says, after joining the military because he couldn't find a job.

The story appears to knock Edwards a little off track. For years, he has refused to publicly discuss a personal tragedy of his own, the death of his 16-year-old son Wade in an auto accident in 1996. Unlike Al Gore, who at the 1996 Democratic convention dwelled at morbid length on his sister's smoking-related death, or Richard Gephardt, whose standard stump speech included the story of his son Matt, who had cancer as a small child but survived, Edwards hasn't exploited his sadness for political gain.

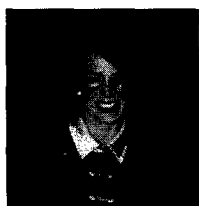
On stage, Johnson finishes her story by



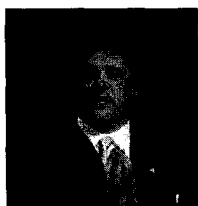
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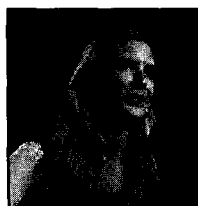
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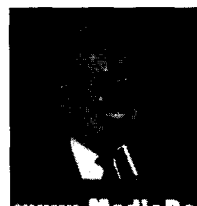
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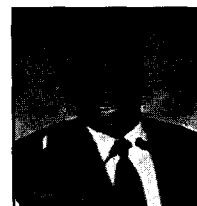
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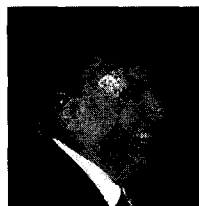
Ann Coulter



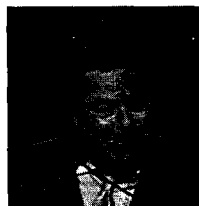
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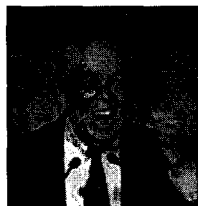
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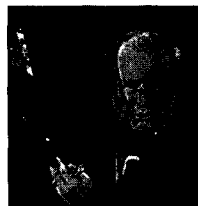
William F. Buckley, Jr.



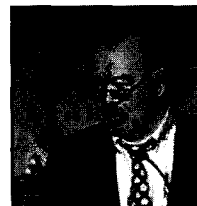
Tony Blankley



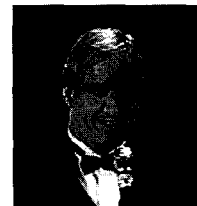
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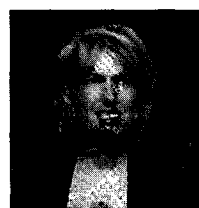
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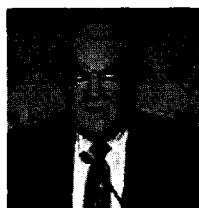
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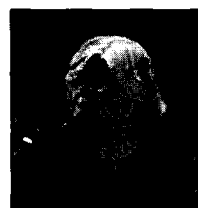
Laura Ingraham



Hon. Ed Meese



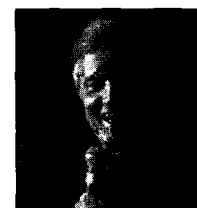
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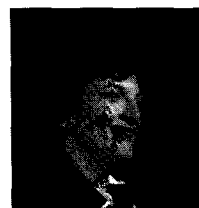
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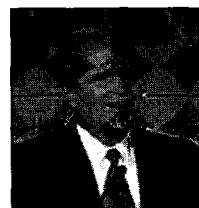
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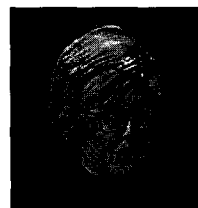
Pat Boone



Mona Charen



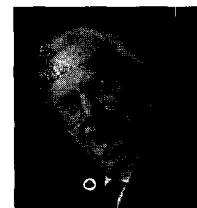
Oliver North



Kate O'Beirne



Rich Lowry



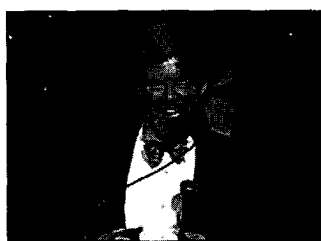
Judge Robert Bork



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asking Edwards what he would do to provide more jobs for people like her son. If there were ever a moment to bring up his own story, this is it. But Edwards stays silent. Instead, he looks at Johnson, takes her hand and says, "God bless you, God bless you for what you've been through." For an instant, Edwards, who is as slick a political performer as they come, can't quite get his feet. "Here's—here's what I would say about what you just asked about," he says to Johnson. "This is something, I—I—I was—I was—as most people know, I was born here in South Carolina. I grew up in my very early years in a mill village . . ." Regaining his focus, Edwards tells Johnson he would deal with situations like her son's by changing American trade policy.

Later, Edwards pulls off a trick that few other candidates could even attempt. David Stanton, the local TV anchorman moderating the event, asks Edwards, "You made millions of dollars as a trial lawyer. According to published reports, you and your wife recently purchased two multi-million-dollar homes in the Washington area. You talk about two Americas. Is it reasonable to think that you can relate to those who are less fortunate?"

As Stanton finishes, the crowd begins to boo Edwards; someone that rich clearly can't know the creed for the people in need. Then Edwards begins to answer. "The life that I have lived is the dream that is being shut off from so many Americans every single day," he says. He tells the mill-village story, the my-dad-

was-a-mill-worker story, and then, turning to the crowd, he holds his arms out like a televangelist and says, "I grew up the way you grew up. I come from the same place. I spent twenty years in courtrooms fighting for YOU, against big corporate America, against big insurance companies. I will never forget where I come from, and you can take that to the bank." By the time Edwards finishes, the crowd is cheering for him.

That night, Edwards makes an appearance with the South Carolina-based band Hootie and the Blowfish. He's expected to say just a few words to introduce the band—after all, he has a long trip to New Mexico ahead that night, with stops in Oklahoma and Missouri before coming back to South Carolina. But Edwards is fired up. As the band waits, he begins: "We live in a country where there are really still two different Americas . . ."

There are almost no specifics in the speech. And Edwards rarely mentions his record in the Senate (he doesn't have much of one). But the crowd loves it, especially his conclusion, which he delivers in a near-shout in the noisy nightclub. "I can't change this country alone, but I know that you and I can change this country together," he says. "The reason I know that you and I can change America together is I believe in you, and you deserve a president who actually believes in YOU!"

After his speech, as Hootie moves into a greatest-hits set, Edwards escapes to his campaign bus, which he calls the Real Solutions Express. Once in the door, the smile is off and Edwards is back to business, taking off his coat, quickly sitting down, squirting a bit of liquid sanitizer on his hands, beginning to read some papers. Then he looks to his left and realizes that supporters have come outside in the cold to watch him through the bus's window. All of a sudden, BAM!—it's showtime again. The big Edwards smile and wave and hand gestures are back. For a moment it appears he might roll down the window and start talking about the two Americas. But there's a plane to catch.

A few days later, Edwards wins South Carolina, just as he planned. His campaign stays alive. And he can say, over and over again, to thousands more people, "We live in an America . . ." **NR**

■ BUSINESS

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Mr. Rahn is a senior fellow of the Discovery Institute and an adjunct scholar of the Cato Institute.

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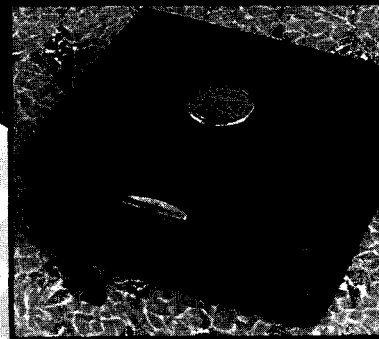
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money. Despite what thoughtful people will clearly recognize as hypocrisy, those political attack dogs can cause considerable damage to you and your company as they have to other firms engaged in similar totally legal and appropriate behavior.

The Stanley Works (tools) company, for example, had planned in 2002 to reincorporate in Bermuda, in the hope of lowering its tax bill. The move was ditched, however, after political pressure was brought to bear on the company. Subsequently, Stanley was forced to lay off about 1,000 of its U.S. staff. Other companies that have "inverted" (the technical term for reincorporating the parent company in a lower tax jurisdiction) are also now under political attack.

Politicians who make these irresponsible attacks have the implicit support of the liberal media and government bureaucrats who can make life hell for those with the temerity to cross them. What they all seem not to realize is that business people respond to incentives, whether it is the reward of a government contract, a tax cut, or the punishment of an IRS special audit.

The specific problem of inversion stems from the fact that the U.S. now has the fourth-highest corporate tax rate among the industrialized countries and, unlike most other countries, the U.S. taxes companies on their worldwide income. A company incorporated in America will pay a corporate tax rate of 35 percent plus an average state corporate tax rate of 5 percent for a total of 40 percent on its worldwide income. A German, French, Canadian, or even Swedish company will pay a lower corporate tax rate on profits earned in its home country, and little or no tax to its home government on any foreign income. For instance, Ireland has a 12.5 percent corporate tax rate, which means that the German, French, or Canadian company only has to pay 12.5 percent on its profits in Ireland, but the American company has to pay 40 percent in tax on its profits in Ireland. The IRS does allow credit for taxes paid to foreign governments so, in the case of a U.S. company earning \$100 of profit in Ireland, it would pay \$12.50 in tax to the Irish government, \$22.50 to the U.S.

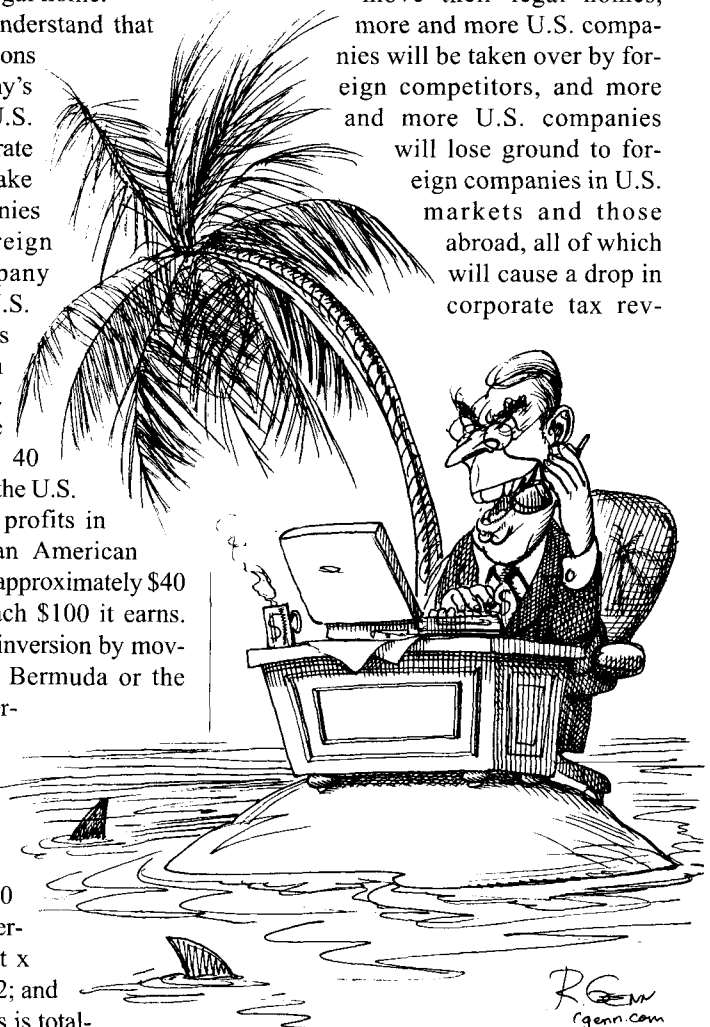
government (\$35 minus a \$12.50 credit for the tax paid to Ireland), plus perhaps \$5.00 to the government of the U.S. state in which it is incorporated, for a total of \$40.

The high U.S. corporate tax rate and its worldwide applicability puts American companies at a considerable competitive disadvantage and makes them more vulnerable to takeover by a foreign company. This is particularly true for U.S. companies with sizable markets in lower-tax countries. Foreign-based companies with this tax-cost advantage will tend to grow faster than, and gain market share from, American competitors. To offset this competitive disadvantage a number of U.S. companies have decided to reincorporate in Bermuda, the Cayman Islands, and other jurisdictions without any corporate income tax. Under U.S. law, this is perfectly legal because a company need not sell or produce anything in a country that serves as its legal home.

It is important to understand that these corporate inversions do not reduce a company's tax liability on its U.S. earnings. In fact, corporate inversions usually make sense only for companies with substantial foreign profits, since a company selling only in the U.S. market cannot lower its tax liability through a corporate inversion. Consider, though, the company that makes 40 percent of its profits in the U.S. and 60 percent of its profits in other countries. As an American company, it would pay approximately \$40 in income taxes on each \$100 it earns. However, if it does an inversion by moving its legal home to Bermuda or the Caymans, and if the average corporate tax rate it pays to foreign governments is 20 percent, it will now pay only \$28 in taxes on each \$100 it earns (40 percent x \$100 x 40 percent = \$16; 60 percent x \$100 x 20 percent = \$12; and \$16 + \$12 = \$28). This is total-

ly legal, proper, and ethical. As Judge Learned Hand said, "Anyone may so arrange his affairs that his taxes shall be as low as possible; he is not bound to choose that pattern which will best pay the Treasury; there is not even a patriotic duty to increase one's taxes."

Again, the reason companies choose to move their legal homes is that the U.S. tax system punishes corporate capital and makes U.S.-based multinational companies less competitive. There are constructive and destructive solutions to the problem. Among the constructive solutions is to change the U.S. to a territorial tax system, like most of our foreign competitors, and/or reduce the U.S. corporate tax rate to a rate ideally no higher than Ireland's. Opponents of these solutions will claim that "we cannot afford them." In fact, we cannot afford to spurn them. If we don't make the necessary changes, more and more U.S. companies will move their legal homes, more and more U.S. companies will be taken over by foreign competitors, and more and more U.S. companies will lose ground to foreign companies in U.S. markets and those abroad, all of which will cause a drop in corporate tax rev-



We Dumb Catholics

Priestly sex scandals in the U.S. Catholic Church were few and far between before seminaries began accepting homosexuals in the 1960s. The homosexual population of the U.S. is estimated at between 2 and 10%. Homosexuals in the priesthood are now estimated to be between 30 and 60%. A major study conducted by *The Kansas City Star* found that "priests are dying of AIDS at a rate at least four times that of the general U.S. population...."

Is celibacy the culprit? No. *The Times of London* found that priests in the (Anglican) Church of England are dying of AIDS at a rate roughly 2 to 3 times greater than Catholic priests in the U.S.! Note well: The Church of England has *always* allowed priests to marry.

Not surprisingly, 90 to 98% of the publicized cases of priestly pedophilia committed by U.S. Catholic priests involve boys (whether prepubescent or post-pubescent). Not all "gays" are pedophiles, but pedophilia — called "intergenerational love" by homosexuals — is part and parcel of the homosexual subculture, which places great emphasis on youthful physique and is notoriously promiscuous, and whose publications commonly carry themes of adult-child sex.

How did a number of seminaries get flooded with homosexuals? Not only because many bishops and religious orders have allowed seminaries to admit homosexuals — in direct violation of Vatican policy — but because certain vocations directors and seminaries reject a candidate, not because he's homosexual but because he's "homophobic" — they also

reject a candidate if he's deemed "rigid" (a code word for orthodox).

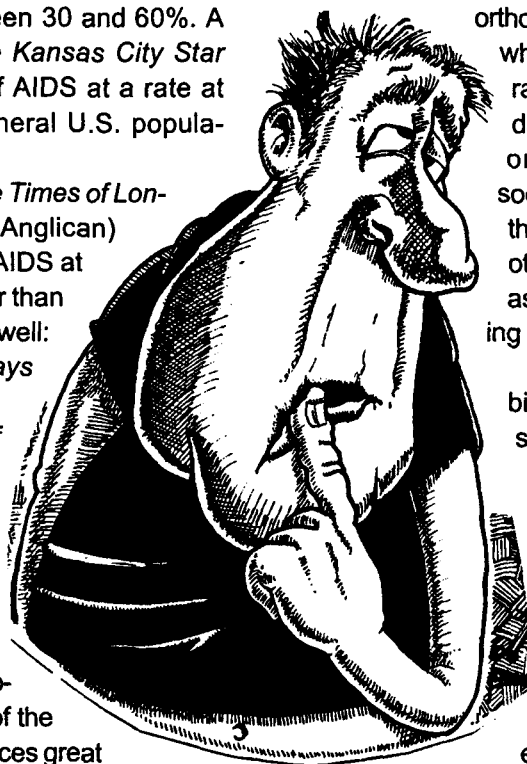
In certain seminaries, professors openly dissent from Catholic teaching on homosexuality, and homosexual behavior is protected. And those orthodox, morally straight seminarians who managed to get in under the radar and who object to the scandalous goings-on are persecuted or forced out. Meanwhile, sodomites are ordained priests, and they protect and promote one another, forming what is widely known as "the Lavender Mafia," extending even into episcopal ranks.

Thanks to the media, the U.S. bishops have finally had to take a strong stand against "sexual abuse of minors." But the get-tough policy affects only some violations of celibacy. It doesn't affect sex with men and other priests. As long as sodomite priests are often winked at, and certain seminaries continue to be hothouses for flamers and promote the dissent that

justifies immorality, sexual license in the priesthood will continue. But it *must and will be stopped*, if not by the bishops then by us the laity.

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enue. Reducing the corporate tax rate would have many beneficial side effects. If corporate taxes are reduced, corporations will benefit consumers by lowering their prices, increase wages, hire more workers, buy more equipment and materials, and increase stockholders' dividends. All of these actions mean that individual income tax receipts will go up. Over the long run, the gain in individual tax receipts will probably exceed the loss in corporate tax revenues.

Remember, the corporate tax is a double or triple tax on the same income, since the original investment has already been taxed, and the dividends and capital gains resulting from the corporate income are taxed again.

Several proposals have been made to punish companies that choose to invert, or to try to outlaw the practice altogether. All these proposals are highly destructive and would cost American jobs as U.S. companies would increasingly fall to their foreign competitors.

From before the time of the American Revolution, it has been our practice to flee from high-tax locales to lower-tax ones. Tax competition among the states has served to give us better government service at lower cost, and more liberty. The same is true in the international arena.

Congressman Ron Paul of Texas has said: "One could argue that it is those who oppose reincorporation who do not grasp the essence of the American system. After all, two of the main principles underlying the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence are limited government and respect for private property. In contrast, opponents of reincorporation implicitly assume that the government owns all of the nation's assets; therefore taxpayers never should take any actions to deny government what the politicians have determined to be their 'fair share.' This philosophy has more in common with medieval feudalism than with the constitutional republic created by the drafters of the Constitution."

Those running for president or in Congress who advocate restrictions on corporate inversions rather than tax reform will only make worse the problem that they so demagogically attack. **NR**

■ BRITAIN

Beware Blair

Just because the BBC hates him, doesn't mean we should love him

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

ONE of the political curiosities of the age is the love that American conservatives harbor toward Tony Blair. It is an unrequited love—Blair is a modernizing left-liberal—but a heartfelt one. And when Blair survived two major threats to his leadership in the last week of January, there were outbursts of conservative joy at his deliverance. But has he really restored his political dominance? And if he has, should conservatives be pleased?

At first glance, he certainly looks dominant—after winning the parliamentary vote on his proposed reform of college-tuition fees, and being cleared by a senior British judge of any underhandedness in the David Kelly affair. But a closer look suggests otherwise.

What Blair achieved in the tuition vote was the avoidance of a historic humiliation. If he had been defeated, it would have been only the fourth time in a century that a government had lost the vote on the second reading of a bill (when the principles of legislation are debated). He escaped that disaster, but saw his normal majority of 161 fall to five. Outright defeat was avoided at the last moment, when the leading Labor rebels backed down in return for concessions negotiated not with Blair but with his rival, Finance Minister Gordon Brown. Even so, it is far from certain that the tuition legislation will become law: Many of the rebels intend to ambush it in committee. In any case, the legislation has already been so diluted by concessions as to be practically worthless.

On the morning after the vote, then, Blair looked like a man who had been handed a largely symbolic victory by his main political rival—and therefore owed his job to Gordon Brown. The papers were accordingly full of stories that,

according to "friends" of Blair, he was outraged at Brown's grandstanding. But the damage had been done: Blair looked more vulnerable, not less.

By the evening of the same day, he had bounced back fully. The Hutton Report, published at noon, had vindicated the conduct of the prime minister, his public-relations factotum, Alastair Campbell, and various officials, clearing them of all charges. It had also excoriated the BBC.

Blair demanded—and got—an apology from the Beeb. Alastair Campbell toured the news programs exuding triumphalism. Two major BBC figures resigned. It was unbelievably good for the government. And that was the problem: No one believed it. One shrewd Labor MP told a journalist he wished there had been *some* criticism of ministers to make the overall report more credible. (There was only some modest criticism of junior civil servants.) A backlash against the Hutton verdicts began with a walkout by BBC journalists from several newsrooms and with newspaper headlines shouting "Whitewash."

The awkward fact is that Hutton is vulnerable to criticism. And it is necessary to explain—briefly—how. In essence, he had to judge three defendants: the late David Kelly, the BBC, and Blair. Very few critics have quarreled with his verdict on Kelly—namely, that he killed himself from loss of self-esteem because he felt himself publicly disgraced. Hutton's criticism of the BBC is equally harsh but essentially fair: According to a *BBC Today* reporter, Andrew Gilligan, Downing Street made the claim that Saddam Hussein could launch WMDs within 45 minutes of a conflict breaking out, knowing that the claim was probably false. This claim—in effect, an allegation that Blair had lied in order to take Britain into war—was itself false. Instead of examining and correcting this error, however, the BBC managers had repeatedly defended Gilligan and his report, treating Downing Street's demands for a retraction as attacks on the BBC's independence. And the BBC governors, who are meant to regulate the BBC in line with the public interest, had then interpreted their task as to defend the BBC against external criticism. In sum, the BBC at all levels defended Gilligan's inaccurate reporting.

But even as Hutton was subjecting the

BBC to harsh and skeptical criticism, he took a different attitude toward government ministers—especially on the question of whether they were guilty of a “dishonorable or underhand or duplicitous strategy” in naming Kelly as Gilligan’s source. He laid out the evidence clearly enough: that a meeting chaired by Blair decided to reveal that an unnamed civil servant had identified himself as a possible source of Gilligan’s, and that the Ministry of Defense had then drawn up rules for confirming Kelly’s identity if a journalist independently guessed it (one journalist “guessed” it on the twentieth attempt). But Hutton obligingly accepted the assurance of ministers that the first decision had been taken to avoid suspicion of a cover-up—and the second decision because it was inevitable that the media would discover Kelly’s identity once his existence was admitted. He blithely determined there was no official intent to finger Kelly, despite such evidence as the entry in Alastair Campbell’s diary just a few days before the decisions were taken: “GH [Defense Secretary Geoffrey Hoon] and I agreed it would f**k Gilligan if that [Dr. Kelly] were his source.”

What this seems to show is that Hutton was skeptical toward the BBC and rightly censured it, but that he was indulgent toward the Blair government and let it off more lightly than the evidence suggests is justified. And, illogically but understandably, Hutton’s indulgence toward Blair has helped the BBC: Several polls taken since the report was published show that most people regard it as a whitewash, that Blair and the government have received very little “bounce” from their supposed vindication, and that although the BBC’s reputation has suffered, most people believe its independence should be protected from interfering ministers.

What these raw figures probably conceal, however, is that middle-class opinion formers, once natural supporters of Blair and the New Labor “project,” are increasingly hostile to both. To the metropolitan middle classes, the BBC and the National Health Service are institutions of almost religious dignity: viewed with pride and awe as the most visible signs of Britain’s civilization. Blair and Hutton between them are threatening to lay impious hands on the BBC’s independence and—well, it scarcely matters about the

details. They have to be stopped.

Should American conservatives rally to Blair because he is disliked by the BBC? It is tempting, of course, but unjustified. Americans like Blair, reasonably enough, because he is pro-American. But if the British begin to think that Blair is risking the lives of their soldiers not for British interests but for either American interests or vague internationalist objectives, they will gradually turn against Blair—and against the U.S. As a result of the row over WMDs, the British would be more reluctant to participate in an American intervention today than they were last year. Only a foreign policy rooted firmly in British national interest will retain popular support over the long run. Of course, maintaining good relations with the U.S. is an important national interest in itself—but that case has to be argued. And Blair almost never argues in terms of British interests or in the language of patriotism.

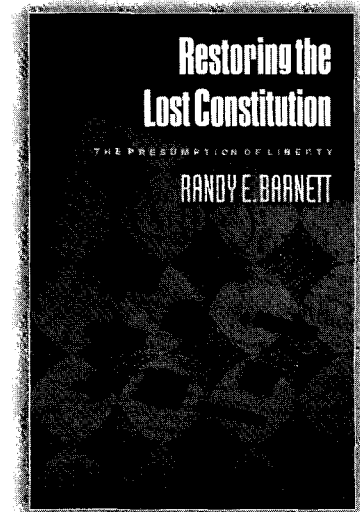
Nor is Blair’s influence over U.S. policy—granted in return for his support—likely to be exercised on behalf of conservative objectives. He is a strong multilateralist, and believes in granting greater authority to new supra-national institutions. Not all his positions are unreasonable, but they dangerously distort any advice he is likely to give. A case in point: It was Blair who helped persuade Bush both to seek a second U.N. resolution and to place almost the whole emphasis on WMDs to justify the Iraq war. Both policies turned out disastrously, and the full bill for them has yet to be presented.

Above all, if Blair is ever forced to choose between the U.S. and Europe in foreign policy, he will choose Europe. Because he regards the EU as a “modernizing” project that will modernize, among other things, Britain, he is already drifting steadily in that direction. Just lately, he has formed a closer alliance with France and Germany to push ahead with the European Security and Defense Policy—against the stated wishes of the U.S. This is potentially much more damaging to long-term U.S. interests than his advice that the U.S. should rely more on diplomacy at the U.N.

Blair is an admirable man, a good Christian, and a friend of America. But he’s not a conservative—and conservatives should not imagine that his goals are their own.

NR

Has the Supreme Court been cutting holes in the Constitution?



The U.S. Constitution found in textbooks and under glass in Washington is not the one enforced today by the Supreme Court. In *Restoring the Lost Constitution*, Randy Barnett explains how, since the nation’s founding, but especially since the 1930s, the courts have been cutting holes in the original Constitution and its amendments to eliminate the parts that protect liberty from the power of government. In a presentation that is clearly argued and remarkably accessible, Barnett proposes adopting a Presumption of Liberty that would put into effect the entire Constitution as originally enacted and amended. A Cato Institute book for Princeton University Press.

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■ CULTURE WATCH

Our Town

In Hollywood,
money, pettiness,
and Democrats rule

ROB LONG

IF you Google the words “lots and lots of Hollywood Republicans,” you get about 58,900 hits, which just goes to show you that the Internet is really one big swamp of wishful thinking, political *and* pornographic. Because the truth is, even if you allot one Google hit per Hollywood Republican, you’ve still got about 58,885 hits too many.

About every four years, Republican fundraisers and strategists lose contact with reality and declare “impressive inroads” into the Hollywood community. “A lot of Hollywood stars and industry professionals are *really* supportive of the Republican agenda,” some glassy-eyed Republican mouthpiece will declare, with Moonie-like cheerfulness. “I’ve gotten a lot of phone calls from some major names in the business,” some Republican fantasist will chirp to some lazy, gullible reporter, “and let me tell you, they’re interested in knowing *just what this party is all about!*”

It’s a bit like poor Robert McFarlane, back in the Reagan administration, who arrived in Tehran on a secret mission to make “impressive inroads” with “Iranian moderates,” clutching a Bible and a cake in the shape of a key. Except in McFarlane’s case, there probably *were* some moderates around there, somewhere. And they probably ate the cake, too, since Persians are famous for their sweet tooth and aren’t as obsessed as some of us out here in Hollywood are about sugar and carbs.

And of course, about every four years,

Mr. Long is an NR contributing editor and author of *Conversations with My Agent*.

the lumbering lard-draggers at the *New York Times* bestir themselves to write an article headlined, “Is Hollywood *Still* a One-Party Tinseltown?”

Short answer: yes. *Yes*.

Why this is so, is an interesting question.

The easy answer, like all easy answers, is *money*. For most Hollywood celebrities and executives, money cascades into the pockets with such torrential velocity that it ceases to have any real meaning. It’s impossible to make a traditional Republican-cloth-coat appeal to someone wearing a \$15,000 chartreuse leather suit.

The most incendiary political document ever printed isn’t the Declaration of Independence, it’s an ordinary pay stub. On it is declared what you were originally paid, what the government snuck out when you weren’t looking, and what you’re left with. The pay stub is, in fact, the most powerful direct-mail piece in the Republican arsenal.

Most Hollywood types, of course, never see a pay stub. Their paycheck makes a lot of stops along its path to the original payee: first to the agent, who skims his 10 percent; then to the manager, who slices his 15; now to the lawyer, 5 percent please thank you; one last stop at the business manager, who collects his 5, pays Uncle Sam, and reissues a check for an amount roughly 80 percent smaller than it was at the start.

It may also have something to do with the vaguely geriatric concept of “hard work,” which for most people involves either lifting and/or moving and/or welding heavy, sharp objects; or toiling in some airless cubicle in desperate need of money. It does not, unlike Hollywood, involve yoga and \$1,000 shirts. Put it this way: The grips, dolly-pushers, set-construction guys, and electricians on any movie set tend to be on the rightward side of the political discussion. The other folks, who tend to sit in their trailers a lot, drinking bottles of French water and talking on tiny cellphones, are on the left.

I once made this point to a lefty actor friend of mine. He scoffed. “You know the real reason the crew guys are so right-wing?” he asked. “They all live, like, way out of town, out past the Valley, out beyond the San Gabriels, and they

drive, like, I don’t know, an hour or two to work every day, each way. So they listen to a lot of that right-wing talk radio, all that Rush Limbaugh stuff, and it just turns them into right-wing kooks.”

“Why do they live so far away?” I asked.

“Because they can’t afford to live any closer.”

“Why?”

“Because they don’t get paid much.”

“Why?”

“Because actors and directors and producers get all the money.”

“You mean all of those *liberal Democrat* actors and directors and producers?”

“Just because they’re liberal,” my friend said, “doesn’t mean they’re not rat bastards.”

Which brings us to the real reason Hollywood is a one-party town. Let me tell you a story: Recently, the president of a large division of a large studio was given his walking papers. Nothing personal, of course—the guy was good at his job (or, more accurately, as good as anyone else would be, tasked with the same pointless responsibilities)—but the studio chairman had just installed a new president of the division under which the fired guy’s division nested, and the new guy wanted to bring in fresh blood.

Usually, the new guy runs a bony finger down the organization chart and silently ticks off the names of everyone senior enough to gun for his job and fires them, thus ensuring that the new team running the studio has one powerful captain surrounded by terrified eunuchs. But firing people costs money—there are contracts, you see, and stock options—so the new guy has to be very careful to fire only those employees who pose an actual threat, by dint of their intelligence or courage or originality or some other personality defect, and not waste money on the drones.

So our guy’s out and he knows it. He’s not bitter at all. Being fired, obviously, is proof of his value; if he hadn’t been good at his job, they would have promoted him. But he is more than a little broke. He has a house in the Riviera section of the Palisades (the best address in town), a vacation place in Telluride, and a wife who has confused “having a job” with “writing a novel.” He needs a steady, fat

stream of cash coming in to match the steady, slightly fatter stream of money flowing out, mostly to the American Express corporation.

The financial ace up his tattered sleeve is a bushel of stock options that are, in our bubble-economy parlance, "in the money." So right after he gets his walking papers he calls up his old friend, the corporate treasurer, in New York. "Hey, buddy," he probably puts it, "you and I go way back, we're pals, our wives and kids know each other . . . I've got these options I want to cash in. I know you can't legally tell me exactly what to do, but I'd appreciate it, since we've been friends for so long, if you'd indicate to me if I should exercise them now, or if the rumors I hear are true and there's going to be a buyout of the studio, thus increasing their value tenfold, and making me a very rich man. A rich, retired man. What do you say, pal o' mine?"

There is a long pause on the line. And then the corporate treasurer says, "My friend, I shouldn't tell you this, but just because you're you, I'll tell you unequivocally, that it doesn't matter at all."

"So I should exercise the options today?"

"I'm telling you that it won't matter one way or the other."

So the guy exercises his options. And it did matter one way or the other. The following Monday, a large media conglomerate announced a buyout of the studio, increasing the share price by a factor of ten, then, a few months later, by a factor of fifteen. Personally, I like to think that the corporate treasurer had the buyout-agreement documents on his desk while he was telling his old friend, 3,000 miles away, that it "won't matter one way or the other."

That's the way we operate. We're cruel, sure. But we're subtle.

So why didn't the treasurer tell his friend to hold on to his options? One possible explanation: It would be illegal to do so and corporate treasurers are notoriously honest.

Done laughing? Good. Let's get to the real reason he didn't: He's mean. He's a

mean, jealous guy and he didn't want his "best friend" to be too much richer than he. A little richer, okay. A lot richer—and we're apparently talking in the tens of millions, here—not okay.

Also, he knows that in Hollywood behavior of this kind has no consequences. Those two guys, it should be noted, are still close friends. Sure, they might have hit a rough patch around, say, the time the stock price hit \$108 per share (up from its quaintly respectable option price of \$6), but they've worked through it, see? The definition of "friend" is so elastic in Hollywood that it includes the definition of "enemy." This town is so small that everyone eventually brutalizes everyone else. We're like rats in a coffee can: nowhere to go but at each other.

Fear, then, is what keeps us marching in lockstep. Hollywood liberalism isn't so much a matter of conviction as it is of keeping one's head down. Any form of eccentricity isn't encouraged unless enough people are already doing it, which sort of contradicts the meaning of "eccentric" in the first place, and leads to unpleasant things like thousands of Mercedes-Benz SUVs on the road, green-tea pills, and Howard Dean yard signs.

It's also, on a spiritual level, a form of bet-hedging. Say what you like about the Democratic-party agenda—which is, essentially, all about having peaceful U.N.-sanctioned gay weddings in the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge—it's a *nice* agenda, for *nice* people. It's idealistic and generous and childishly hopeful, and if you've spent all day lying on the telephone and screwing your client out of his money and yelling at your assistant for bringing you the *wrong* kind of water and paying your Guatemalan maid sub-minimum wages, then maybe you, too, might need a little John Kerry in your life to make you feel good about yourself.

And isn't that what Hollywood is all about? Feeling good about yourself?

Don't bother bringing the Bible and the cake. The Democratic party has already been here, with something much more valuable.

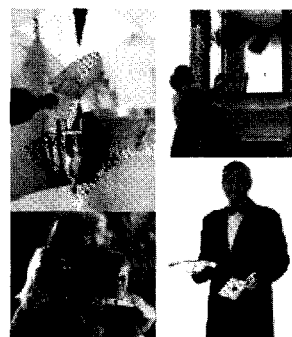
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BUT WAS IT TRUE?

What John Kerry said about the Vietnam War
and the men who served in it

MACKUBIN THOMAS OWENS

In New Hampshire, Sen. John Kerry claimed victory before a crowd of enthusiastic supporters. Prominently arrayed on the stage with him were veterans, including former Georgia senator Max Cleland, who lost both legs and an arm in Vietnam, and James Rassmann, an Army Special Forces officer in Vietnam whose life Kerry saved. At one point, Kerry thanked his “band of brothers” for supporting him in New Hampshire as they had more than 30 years ago in Vietnam. We proved, he said, that “we still know how to fight for our country.”

Kerry served with distinction in Vietnam, as a swift-boat commander; he earned a Silver Star (America’s third-highest award for gallantry), a Bronze Star for valor, and three Purple Hearts for combat wounds. But as I heard him invoke the support of veterans in his quest for the White House, I couldn’t help cringing. And if the sentiment expressed in the large number of e-mails I received shortly after I wrote an earlier piece about Kerry is any indication, my reaction was far from unique among Vietnam veterans. One correspondent, the 29-year-old son of a Marine veteran of the war, described watching Kerry’s speech with his father: “The look on his face was one I hadn’t seen since he picked me up from the Boston police station ten years ago.”

No doubt there are many Vietnam veterans who will support Kerry for president because they believe, correctly, that he stepped up to the plate at a time when it was easy to pass, especially if one had Kerry’s background. They will support him because he demonstrated immense courage under fire, and many believe that the crucible of war goes a long way toward shaping

character. But those who might be otherwise inclined to support him should ask themselves if they appreciate being portrayed as war criminals: murderers, rapists, men capable of committing the most heinous atrocities. This is how Kerry did, in fact, portray them, when he was a leader of the Vietnam Veterans Against the War (VVAW).

SLANDER AGAINST A GENERATION

The flap over Kerry’s Vietnam service is a manifestation of an ongoing culture war. On one side are those who believe that Vietnam wasn’t that different from other wars: The cause was just, but—like any other war—touched by ambiguities. Those who fought it were doing their duty as they saw it, just as their fathers and grandfathers had done. On the other side are those for whom the Vietnam war represented the very essence of evil. It was not like other wars: It was one continuous atrocity, in which war crimes were normal. Moreover, Americans who fought in it were radically different from earlier U.S. soldiers: They came home psychologically if not physically crippled—homeless, drug-addicted, and likely to commit suicide.

In his antiwar activism, John Kerry gave credence to the latter view—and thereby helped to slander a generation of soldiers who had done their duty with honor and restraint. Why did he do it? Some of the answers can be found in Douglas Brinkley’s new biography of Kerry, *Tour of Duty: John Kerry and the Vietnam War*; but, ultimately, it is Kerry himself who will have to explain to his fellow veterans why he chose a path that dishonors their service.

In Brinkley’s account, Kerry—like many other vets—was disillusioned by the war, but did not return home as a radical antiwar activist. According to *Detroit News* reporter Jerald ter Horst, friends of Kerry said that when he first began talking about run-

Mr. Owens, a contributing editor to National Review Online, is a professor of strategy and force planning at the Naval War College in Newport, R.I. He led a Marine infantry platoon in Vietnam in 1968-69.

ning for office, he was not visibly agitated about Vietnam. "I thought of him as a rather normal vet," a friend told ter Horst, "glad to be out but not terribly uptight about the war." Another acquaintance who talked to Kerry about his political ambitions called him a "very charismatic fellow looking for a good issue."

Kerry was entitled to leave Vietnam after receiving his third Purple Heart. He petitioned to do so and was assigned as a special assistant to Adm. Walter Schlech Jr., commander of the Military Sea Transport Service, U.S. Atlantic Fleet, headquartered in Brooklyn. According to Brinkley, Kerry was outraged to hear of the death of one of his swift-boat comrades: "What was happening to the Swifties in the Mekong Delta was, to [Kerry's] mind, a grave government mistake." He was proud of his service and grateful to be alive, "but due to his firsthand experience in Vietnam, his head told him that the Nixon administration's foreign policy was dangerously wrongheaded. Everyday good sailors . . . were being sacrificed for Nixon's ego trip that he would not be the first president to lose a war."

Like most of those who returned from Vietnam, Kerry was also upset with his countrymen—who treated returning soldiers with indifference at best, and hostility at worst. He was moved to anger by the often inadequate treatment of wounded veterans in the VA hospital system. In October 1969, Kerry's sister Peggy, an antiwar activist, introduced him to Adam Walinsky, a former speechwriter for Robert Kennedy. Inspired by Walinsky's antiwar beliefs and the Moratorium Day demonstrations of October 15, Kerry decided he had to speak out against the war. According to Brinkley, Kerry said that "if you loved America, you knew we had to extricate ourselves from Vietnam at once." Kerry petitioned Admiral Schlech for an early release from the Navy so he could protest the war—and run for Congress. The admiral approved his request, and Kerry received an honorable discharge. (Kerry ended up dropping out of the 1970 congressional race in favor of the famed antiwar Jesuit priest, Robert Drinan.)

I can certainly understand Kerry's judgments about the war. War is terrible and brutal; good men die. Those of us who served in Vietnam lost friends and men we led—men for whom we were responsible. I don't know of a single Vietnam veteran who doesn't believe that in some way, the war

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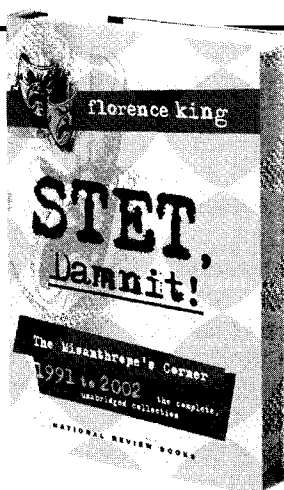
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was a terrible waste. But what Kerry did after leaving the Navy constituted a breach of trust with his fellow veterans, because, to protest the war, he cast aspersions upon their conduct. He joined VVAW and participated in two events that went a long way toward cementing in the public mind the image of Vietnam as one big atrocity.

The first of these was the "Winter Soldier Investigation" (Jan. 31–Feb. 2, 1971) organized by such antiwar celebrities as Jane Fonda and conspiracy theorist Mark Lane. At this event, individuals purporting to be Vietnam veterans told horrible stories of atrocities: burning villages, using prisoners for target practice, and gang-raping women as a matter of course. The second event was "Dewey Canyon III," from April 19 to 23. It was during this VVAW "operation" that Kerry first came to public attention. The group marched on Congress to deliver petitions, and went on to the White House. The highlight was when veterans threw their medals over a fence in front of the Capitol, symbolizing a rebuke to the government that they claimed had betrayed them. One of the veterans flinging medals back in the face of their government was John Kerry (although it turns out they were not his medals, but someone else's).

Kerry in essence claimed that his fellow veterans had committed unparalleled war crimes in Vietnam as a matter of course.

Several days later Kerry testified before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. His speech, touted as a spontaneous rhetorical endeavor, was a tour de force, convincing many Americans that their country had indeed waged an immoral war. It was particularly powerful because Kerry did not fit the war-protester mold: He was no scruffy, wide-eyed hippie, but the best America had to offer. He was, according to B. G. "Jug" Burkett and Glenna Whitley in their indispensable book, *Stolen Valor*, the "All-American boy, mentally twisted by being asked to do terrible things, then abandoned by his government."

Kerry began by invoking the Winter Soldiers Investigation. There, he claimed,

over 150 honorably discharged and many very highly decorated veterans testified to war crimes committed in Southeast Asia. These were not isolated incidents but crimes committed on a day-to-day basis with the full awareness of officers at all levels of command. . . . They relived the absolute horror of what this country, in a sense, made them do. They told stories that at times they had personally raped, cut off ears, cut off heads, taped wires from portable telephones to human genitals and turned up the power, cut off limbs, blown up bodies, randomly shot at civilians, razed villages in a fashion reminiscent of Genghis Khan, shot cattle and dogs for fun, poisoned food stocks, and generally ravaged the countryside of South Vietnam in addition to the normal ravage of war, and the normal and very particular ravaging which is done by the applied bombing power of this country.

This is quite a bill of particulars to lay at the feet of the U.S.

military. Kerry in essence claimed that his fellow veterans had committed unparalleled war crimes in Vietnam as a matter of course; indeed, that it was U.S. policy to commit such atrocities. Kerry's 1971 testimony includes every left-wing cliché about Vietnam and the men who served there. It is part of the reason that, even today, people who are too young to remember Vietnam are predisposed to believe the worst about that conflict and those who fought it.

TRUTH CHECK

The first major cliché was that atrocities were widespread in Vietnam. Atrocities did occur in Vietnam, as they have in all wars; the most notorious was the 1968 My Lai massacre, in which hundreds of civilians were killed. But despite the accepted image of the Vietnam war as particularly brutal, atrocities were fairly infrequent. Between 1965 and 1973, 201 soldiers and 77 Marines were convicted of serious crimes against the Vietnamese. (Needless to say, the fact that many crimes, in war as in peace, go unreported, combined with the particular difficulties encountered by Americans fighting in Vietnam, suggest that more such acts were committed than reported.) The late Ron Ridenour, the

soldier who publicized the My Lai massacre, has been quoted as saying, "There were plenty of My Lais"—but this claim is simply false. Even Daniel Ellsberg, a severe critic of U.S. policy in Vietnam, rejected the argument that My Lai was in any way a normal event: "My Lai was beyond the bounds of permissible behavior, and that is recognizable by virtually every soldier in Vietnam. They know it was wrong. . . . The men who were at My Lai knew there were aspects out of the ordinary. That is why they tried to hide the event, talked about it to no one, discussed it very little even among themselves."

So how does one account for the testimony of the veterans that Kerry cited in his address to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee? My own belief is that it was part of a ritual. To the antiwar Left, atrocities revealed the Nazi-like character of "Amerika." But, unlike their Nazi counterparts, U.S. soldiers could be redeemed: By confessing that they had indeed committed widespread atrocities, the Vietnam veterans were able to receive absolution for their sins from the antiwar Left, and were accordingly transmuted into innocent victims of a brutal war.

Understandably, most veterans take these confessions with a grain of salt. When I read Mark Lane's 1970 book, *Conversations with Americans*, and the transcripts of the Winter Soldiers Investigation, I was struck by how implausible most of the atrocity claims were. I was apparently not alone. Lane's book was panned by James Reston Jr. and Neil Sheehan, not exactly known as war supporters; Sheehan demonstrated that many of Lane's "eyewitnesses" either had never served in Vietnam or had not done so in the capacities they claimed.

In a recent letter to the *Wall Street Journal*, author Gerald Nicosia alleged that no impostor veterans were ever found to have taken part in the Winter Soldiers Investigation—but that's not what government investigators discovered. When Sen. Mark Hatfield inserted the transcript of the Winter Soldier testimonies into the *Congressional Record*, he asked the commandant of the Marine Corps to investigate the war crimes allegedly committed by Marines. When the Naval Investigative Service (NIS) attempted to interview those who allegedly had witnessed atrocities, most refused to cooperate, even after assurances that they would not be questioned about atrocities they committed personally. Those who did cooperate never provided details of actual crimes to investigators. The NIS also discovered that some of the most grisly testimony was given by fake witnesses who had appropriated the names of real Vietnam veterans. Guenter Lewy tells the entire story in his book *America in Vietnam*.

The same thing happened with Army investigators. As Lewy wrote, "The refusal of [those alleging atrocities] to give substantiating factual information . . . created a situation in which the accusers continued to reap generous publicity for their sensational charges while the Army in most cases could neither investigate nor refute them." Lewy concluded that there was another reason to be wary of such allegations: They were retrospective reports and therefore subject to distortion, "created by the veterans' perception of the interviewers and organizers of the hearings, by their attitudes toward the military and by

their difficulties in adjusting to civilian life after discharge."

THE CRAZED-VET SMEAR

Kerry's testimony didn't merely lend credibility to these atrocity stories; it also validated in the public mind the second major left-wing cliché about Vietnam, i.e., that it scarred an entire generation of young men. The media have been peddling this "Vietnam vet goes berserk" angle for a very long time. A milestone of sorts was the 1988 CBS documentary *The Wall Within*, which caricatured Vietnam veterans: They routinely committed war crimes; they came home from an immoral war traumatized; were vilified, then pitied; jobless, homeless, addicted, suicidal, they remain afflicted, stranded on the fringes of society.

For years, those of us who served in Vietnam have tried to make the case that this popular image of the Vietnam vet as maladjusted loser was at odds with reality. Indeed, it was our experience that those who had served in Vietnam generally did so with honor, decency, and restraint; that despite often being viewed with distrust or opprobrium at home, most had asked for nothing but to be left alone to make the transition back to civilian life; and that most had in fact made that transition—if not always smoothly, at least successfully.

But the press always found the stereotypical traumatized vet who could be counted on to tell the most harrowing Vietnam stories, often involving atrocities—the sort of stories Kerry gave credence to in his 1971 testimony. As noted earlier, many of the

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stories were wildly implausible to anyone who had been in Vietnam, but credulous journalists, most of whom had no military experience, uncritically passed their reports along to the public.

I had always agreed with the observation of the late Harry Summers, a well-known military commentator who served as an infantryman in Korea and Vietnam, that the storyteller's distance from the battle zone was directly proportional to the gruesomeness of his atrocity story. But until the publication of the Burkett/Whitley book, *Stolen Valor*, I had no idea just how true that observation was. In the course of trying to raise money for a Texas Vietnam Veterans Memorial, Burkett discovered that reporters were interested only in homeless, drug-abusing veterans, and that the corporate leaders he approached had also bought into the stereotype: Vietnam veterans were not honorable men who took pride in their service, but welfare cases bellyaching about their grievances. Fed up, Burkett did something any reporter could have done: He used the Freedom of Information Act to check the actual records of the "image makers" used by reporters to flesh out their stories on troubled vets. What he found was astounding: More often than not, the showcase "veteran" who cried on camera about his dead buddies, about committing or witnessing atrocities, or about some heroic action in combat that led him to the current dead end in his life, was an impostor. Burkett discovered that over the last decade, some 1,700 individuals, including some of the most prominent examples of the Vietnam veteran as dysfunctional loser, had fabricated their war stories. Many had never even been in the service. Others had been, but had never been in Vietnam.

While reasonable people can disagree about the wisdom of the war, they can't gainsay the commitment of those who fought it.

The story of Joe Yandle is a case in point. Yandle had admitted to being the getaway driver during a 1972 liquor-store holdup in Medford, Mass., that resulted in the murder of the store manager. Under Massachusetts law, even though Yandle did not pull the trigger, he was as complicit as the gunman. Convicted of the crime and sentenced to life in prison without parole, Yandle never claimed to be innocent, but contended that Vietnam had driven him to drugs and crime. *60 Minutes* did a segment in which Mike Wallace told viewers that Yandle did two tours in Vietnam, and survived the 77-day siege of Khe Sanh; and that he then "came home with a Bronze Star for valor, two Purple Hearts, and something else—a heroin habit." The *60 Minutes* report was instrumental in convincing then-governor William Weld to commute Yandle's life sentence to time served—23 years. But Burkett discovered that although Yandle had indeed served in the Marines and had been honorably discharged, he had never set foot in Vietnam at all.

Thanks to Burkett's work, Yandle is now back in prison. But what is striking about his case is the predisposition of journalists to accept uncritically the claim that service in Vietnam is an explanation for criminal activity at home. How could the hard-

nosed Mike Wallace and others like him be so easily taken in? Burkett's answer to this question stands as a rebuke to American journalism. It is also a rebuke to John Kerry.

MORE LIES

Kerry gave credence to other falsehoods about Americans who served in Vietnam. According to the conventional wisdom, those who served in Vietnam were largely young and poor, and minorities were disproportionately represented. These men suffered unspeakable trauma; the horrors of the war led many to turn to drugs and crime. As many as half of those who served in Vietnam suffer from post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD), and, as a result, more Vietnam veterans have committed suicide than died in the war. Vietnam veterans are disproportionately represented among the homeless and the incarcerated. The Vietnam veteran was, and is, a ticking time bomb.

The problem is, there is no scientific evidence to support these assertions. Take the claim about minorities. The record actually shows that 86 percent of those who died were white and 12.5 percent black, from an age group in which blacks made up 13.1 percent of the population. Two-thirds of those who served in Vietnam were volunteers, and volunteers accounted for 77 percent of combat deaths. As for PTSD, it is a real phenomenon, but not nearly as widespread as the press portrays it. For instance, the claim that PTSD continues to affect nearly one half of the 3.3 million men who served in Vietnam is implausible, especially given that fewer than 15 percent of those who served there were assigned to combat units. A study by the Centers for Disease

Control reported that 15 percent of Vietnam veterans experienced *some* symptoms of combat-related PTSD *at some time during or after military service*, but that only 2.2 percent exhibited symptoms at the time of the study. (One study reported that 25 percent of WWII veterans suffered from psychological symptoms similar to those ascribed to PTSD.) The suicide claim, too, is preposterous. In fact, the suicide rate for Vietnam veterans is no higher than for non-veterans. The same is true for rates of drug abuse, homelessness, and incarceration. And while many Vietnam veterans believe their health problems are the result of Agent Orange, there are simply no epidemiological studies that support this belief. According to Jon Franklin, a Pulitzer Prize-winning writer for the *Baltimore Evening Sun*, "The Agent Orange story was a myth created by a group of Vietnam-era protesters, seized upon by Vietnam vets, and disseminated by the press."

In his 1971 testimony, Kerry portrayed the Vietnam veteran as ashamed of his service:

We wish that a merciful God could wipe away our own memories of that service as easily as this administration has wiped away their memories of us. But all that they have done and all that they can do

by this denial is to make more clear than ever our own determination to undertake one last mission, to search out and destroy the last vestige of this barbaric war, to pacify our own hearts, to conquer the hate and fear that have driven this country these last ten years and more . . . And so when thirty years from now our brothers go down the street without a leg, without an arm, or a face, and small boys ask why, we will be able to say 'Vietnam' and not mean a desert, not a filthy obscene memory, but mean instead the place where America finally turned and where soldiers like us helped it in the turning.

And yet . . . a comprehensive 1980 survey reported that 91 percent of those who had seen combat in Vietnam were "glad they had served their country"; 80 percent disagreed with the statement that "the U.S. took advantage of me"; and nearly two out of three would go to Vietnam again, even knowing how the war would end.

THE REAL QUESTIONS

Concerning the war itself, count me as one who believes that it was worth fighting and that abandoning Vietnam was a tragedy. The cost of U.S. defeat was high, especially to the South Vietnamese and Cambodians: The Communist "liberation" of South Vietnam cost, in addition to Saigon's war dead, a minimum of 100,000 summary executions at the hands of the Communist liberators, about a million "boat people," and a like number of individuals sentenced to "reeducation camps." Other consequences included genocide in Cambodia and a perceived shift in the "correlation of forces" that encouraged Soviet adventurism throughout the 1970s.

While reasonable people can disagree about the wisdom of the war, they can't gainsay the commitment of those who fought it. I think of the platoon I led from September 1968 until May 1969. The men of that platoon would all have preferred to be somewhere other than Vietnam's northern Quang Tri province, but they were doing their duty as it was understood at the time. In those days, men built their lives around their military obligation, and if a war happened on their watch, fighting was part of the obligation. For the most part, they were barely out of high school, but they became skillful, steady warriors, who, with only a few exceptions, returned home with little bitterness about the war.

They were the best men I have ever known. I would put them up against any other generation of warriors. I trusted them with my life and they trusted me with theirs. Of course, as in all wars, there were the occasional cowards, laggards, and chronic complainers. But overall, those who fought in Vietnam were the real "best and brightest" of the Baby Boomer generation.

Today, Senator Kerry appeals to veterans in his quest for the White House. He invokes his Vietnam service at every turn. But . . . how can he? If he believes his 1971 indictment of his country and his fellow veterans was true, then he couldn't possibly be proud of his Vietnam service. Who can be proud of committing war crimes of the sort that Kerry recounted in his 1971 testimony? But if he is proud of his service today, perhaps it is because he always knew that his indictment in 1971 was a piece of political theater that he, an aspiring politician, exploited merely as a "good issue." If the latter is true, he should apologize to all the men who served in that war, for slandering them to advance his political fortunes.

NR

■ IRAQ

Poles, Spaniards, Thais . . .

A coalition, willing

RADEK SIKORSKI

'P

LEASE fasten your seatbelts and point your machine guns out of the plane," requested the stewardess matter-of-factly. She was charged with the safety of our Kuwait-bound Boeing 757, which was taking off from snow-bound Wrocław. This was the city, once known by its German name of Breslau, that famously stood up to the Red Army almost as long as Berlin did. You can still see a swath of destruction in the middle of town, where an airport was carved out so that the Nazi *Gauleiter* could flee in time. The night before, I had stayed in a hotel that Hitler once patronized; from a balcony under my window, he saluted adoring crowds.

Poland has produced more history than can be consumed locally—so now we were going outside our borders to make it. I had joined 147 soldiers in fresh uniforms, on their way to relieve the first echelon of a 2,600-man Polish brigade in an international division of 9,500 troops, operating under Polish command, in the Central South sector of Iraq. The unit is perhaps as pure a manifestation of a "coalition of the willing" as we are ever likely to see: a group of countries that backed their words with action, without waiting for another U.N. resolution.

The morning after we arrived, the distant chant of the muezzin woke me at the gates of ancient Babylon—or, to be precise, on top of ancient Babylon, at the gates of Nebuchadnezzar's palace, where Belshazzar's Biblical feast took place. Mud splashing under my feet on the way to a makeshift toilet, I took a freezing morning shower not a hundred yards from the throne room where Alexander was supposed to have died on his way back from conquering Afghanistan and India. Our encampment has, in fact, saved the site from the comprehensive looting that has ravaged other places: Indeed, there may be a connection between antiquities thieves and terrorism. Archeologists on the divisional staff I was to meet speculated that it was no coincidence that the Italian carabinieri attacked in the horrific explosion at Nasiriyah in November had arrested a group of looters the week before.

At the commanders' morning update, in a building that previously belonged to Saddam's security detail, U.S. Army jargon mixed with a cacophony of languages. We were on Alert C, Dress Code J that morning: "Intelligence and incidents indicate that

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coalition forces will [be] or already are being attacked,” and weapons should be fully loaded outside the base. “EPWs have indicated likely VBIEDs along MSR but CAPs say NSTR.” Translation: Enemy Prisoners of War indicate possible car bombs (Vehicle-Borne Improvised Explosive Devices) along the road from Baghdad (Main Supply Route) but our helicopters (Combat Air Patrols) have seen nothing yet (Nothing Significant To Report). Try following that when spoken in a thick Latvian accent. Somehow, within sight of the remains of the Tower of Babel, the language barriers seem appropriate.

Following the U.S. media, you might think that only American forces are stationed in Iraq, with perhaps a sprinkling of Brits in Basra. It is therefore something of a shock to find oneself among a multiethnic crowd, reminiscent more of a U.N. general assembly than what is supposed to be an exercise in unilateralism. Immaculately groomed Spaniards rub shoulders with compact Thais in Rambo-like bandannas. Brisk Bangladeshis serve perfectly decent food at the canteen. Squat Mongols seem to strike primal fear in the locals. And everybody stares after the tall Lithuanian girls, who look particularly fetching in tight desert uniforms. Altogether, 25 nations make up the division, and new recruits from Georgia and South Korea are on their way. Among them are Iraqis too, invariably friendly, performing mostly clerical tasks. Still, one can’t help wondering whether they are simply glad to be rid of Saddam and to have jobs, or whether the disarming smiles are a veil behind which enemies conduct surveillance.

POLES AND SHIAS

Poles have proven a lucky choice for manning the command, quite apart from their contribution of troops. Most senior Polish officers speak Russian from Soviet days and therefore get by with former Warsaw Pact nations. At the same time, they already know enough English to talk to the Westerners. One such multilingual officer is the new division commander, Maj. Gen. Mieczyslaw Bieniek. He is wiry and decisive, a soldier’s soldier, with 2,700 parachute jumps to his name.

General Bieniek’s first operational order was to get tough with the insurgents: Soldiers will not only respond when fired upon, but will pursue until those firing are apprehended or killed. Such an order is tougher to implement than it seems when it involves 25 militaries with 25 subcultures and 25 capitals to coordinate with. (For example, one contingent serves in Iraq on the condition that its soldiers do not have to leave fortified bases.) General Bieniek has to remember a matrix of political considerations, and remain constantly aware that many of the nations signed up for a peace-keeping operation, not a guerrilla war. A casualty here can cause a government to fall on the other side of the globe.

With the Shias in the international division’s zone generally friendly to the ousting of Saddam, the sector has been relatively quiet thus far. But it is no exaggeration to say that, with new political developments, the fate of the U.S. effort in Iraq may well be decided here. It’s not just that the area covers vital supply lines between Kuwait and Baghdad and includes the Shia shrines of

Najaf and Kerbala. Its political significance lies in the numbers: It is home to over 5 million Shias, including the man who has emerged as the voice of Iraq’s largest community, the grand ayatollah Ali al-Sistani. When he called for demonstrations—peaceful, so far—all over central and southern Iraq, the international division was responsible for monitoring the situation. The Shia pilgrimage in March, which—with a few million expected to participate—will be the largest public gathering of the year, is also to be the international coalition’s responsibility. If the Shia were to stir up anything like the level of violence that continues to plague the coalition in some Sunni areas, the operation would become unsustainable.

The Shias have rather cleverly interpreted President Bush’s call for democratic institutions, and are now demanding one-man, one-vote elections. But this is a tougher decision than it seems, as the international division well knows. There is a psychological-operations unit on the divisional staff, which monitors local media, conducts propaganda campaigns, and carries out opinion polls. If an election were held today, they told me, fundamentalist parties would win hands down.

With religious parties well motivated and well financed on one hand, Baathist old boys still sticking together on the other, and moderate new parties fragmented, one thing seems certain: There will be plenty of conflict and strife to go around. Will the allies cope? It is hard for a Solidarity man like me to say so, but the division should probably be preemptively strengthened with riot police. Soldiers are notoriously inept at dealing with civil disturbances: After all, they can only shoot, either in the air or at people. If civil disobedience is to come into vogue, and casualties are to be kept to a minimum, authorities will need forces that can respond at intermediate levels of force.

Nevertheless, the division seems to have accumulated a store of goodwill. I went on midday patrol outside the base. Afternoons are safer than mornings because rebels set their bombs at night and detonate them early. All it takes is an artillery shell or two strapped to the back of a road barrier or buried in the sand. The latest device is said to be a false section of curbside, hollowed and stuffed with explosives, impossible to detect. What is remarkable, however, is that most IEDs (improvised explosive devices) in fact get disarmed. Whether out of sympathy or self-interest, Iraqis themselves usually point them out to the coalition soldiers.

Iraqis seem to accept the foreign presence. I saw a brigadier general negotiate with the acting governor over the time of the curfew, and the placement of one of the bases. They were mutually respectful, professional. Perhaps the biggest success is the 28,000 Iraqi policemen whom the division has so far managed to train, since it is the Iraqi policemen—under-equipped, sometimes with barely a blue shirt to distinguish them from civilians—who man the most exposed roadblocks and who die in greatest numbers when terrorists strike.

Relations should improve thanks to the flood of American money as well, money that is being channeled into reconstruction projects, earmarked exclusively for Iraqi companies. A few good decisions—such as live television filming of coalition comman-



Polish troops in Kerbala

ders giving Iraqi contractors wads of cash to improve amenities—are also helping to spread goodwill. It would be even better if the deliberations of transitional Iraqi bodies, and their meetings with coalition officials, were also transmitted live. In societies that have only recently emerged from dictatorship, more transparency would provide a lesson in the decision-making process, and curtail some of the wilder conspiracy theories that inevitably circulate in the absence of reliable information.

SOCIALISM IN ONE COUNTRY?

Here, as in other parts of the country, it would also help if the Bush administration stopped upholding socialism. We've all heard about the famous electricity outages, and about how the failure to restore the power supply has undercut Iraqis' faith in the U.S. effort. Indeed, it is true that almost a year into the occupation, power goes on and off all the time, even in Baghdad. This will be felt more acutely again in the spring and summer when heat, power consumption, and tempers rise. It is something of a shock to discover the real reason for the crisis: Electricity is free in Iraq. Rather wonderfully, people have meters in their houses, but bills just don't come. Whether it was a piece of Saddam's welfare state, or part of the U.N. oil-for-food program, is lost in the mists of time. But the upshot is that—surprise, surprise—when the electricity is working, all lights and appliances blaze, which only leads to more power shortages. This pattern is hardly novel: In Communist times, Poles used to open windows when the apartment became

too hot, instead of turning down the heat. But when the Marxist nirvana fell apart, and energy prices became real, consumption dropped by a third—and shortages have since turned into overabundance. Iraqi reconstruction would be better off if someone in the Green Zone took a seminar on pricing mechanisms, or thought about the Polish example.

Despite these foibles, is this still a model coalition of the willing at work? If nothing else, the partnership has certainly spread the cost of stabilizing Iraq. If, according to the Congressional Budget Office, it costs up to \$29 billion per year to keep the U.S. military in Iraq—roughly \$223,000 per American soldier—then the 9,500-man international division is saving U.S. taxpayers up to \$2.1 billion a year. And beyond the economic benefits lie the military and diplomatic ones: The division's officers uniformly value the experience of working with Americans on the battlefield, and many soldiers—happy to be making good money—want to sign up for another tour of duty.

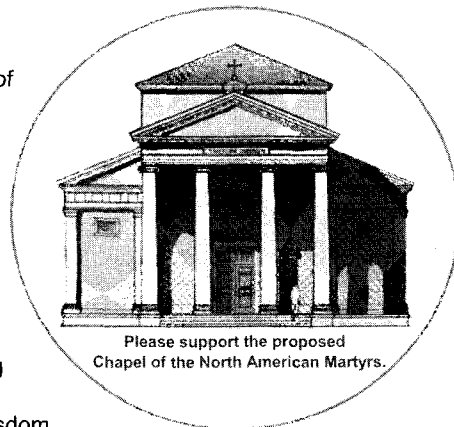
Yet a serious misunderstanding may be creeping in between the United States and its allies. They did not come to Iraq out of commitment to joint war aims—none of them felt threatened by Saddam Hussein—but because they judged that it was better to curry favor with Americans than to provoke them. NATO candidate countries sent troops as their entry tickets. Ukrainians, to mollify the administration for President Kuchma's past transgressions. Bulgarians, because they expected that their country's huge Iraqi debts would be repaid. Others, because they want the U.S. to

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- College Catalogue, page 16



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maintain bases in their country or to establish new ones. Poles threw their lot in with the U.S. partly out of gratitude for Ronald Reagan's liberating them from Communism, and partly because President Bush made them believe they'd be America's new special ally in Europe. They have observed that special allies—such as Israel or Turkey—get a lot out of befriending the U.S. It was worth standing up to France and Germany, Poles reckoned, because America would want to show that it pays to be an ally rather than a competitor. The government sold the case for sending troops to Iraq to a skeptical Polish public by hinting that U.S. military assistance would increase, that Polish companies would benefit from reconstruction contracts, and that perhaps even visa requirements to visit the U.S. (Americans don't need them to travel to most of Central Europe) would be abolished.

So far, they feel shortchanged. Reconstruction contracts and the recovery of Iraqi debts are still mostly a mirage. Poland has had to slow down its own military modernization programs to finance the Iraq operation, to the tune of \$200 million per year. President Kwasniewski has just returned from Washington without a deal on visas. The Polish media are full of commentary in which "asymmetry" in the country's relationship with the U.S. is the favorite catchphrase. "We buy F-16s, and in return we can send troops to Iraq," is a joke making the rounds in parliament. Sometimes, little things provoke the most irritation: Troops in Babylon have noticed that postcards depicting Operation Iraqi Freedom, for sale in the U.S. Army shop, bear the flags of only the U.S. and the U.K. Adding insult to injury, they learned last month that the next time they go to the U.S., they will not only need to have visas, they will be fingerprinted at the airport as well. Clumsily rescinding previous commitments, a high-ranking U.S. official has now told the Poles to expect no reward, as they "sent troops to Iraq in their own national interest." A French diplomat I spoke to could not hide the gleam in his eye when he said, "Now you are learning what it's like when you please the Americans too early."

Nevertheless, the coalition of the willing in Iraq is working, and may yet be crucial in steering Iraq toward a successful transition. It is, however, a somewhat opaque, fragile instrument, whose major advantage—its international character—is also a handicap in military operations. Managing allies—with their competing expectations, cultural attitudes, and egos—is a tricky business, requiring subtlety and infinite patience. The U.S. must decide whether it is more efficient to put together such coalitions ad hoc, with all the nuisance of organizing afresh, or to turn to associations such as NATO, for which coordinating military coalitions is a daily routine.

America's dilemma may be that it is so powerful that it feels it can do any military job on its own, and that, therefore, paying much attention to allies is not worth the trouble. Many coalition members, however, don't feel like allies: Instead of having been fully informed about the war's true aims up front, and instead of being given meaningful chances to form coalition policy, they are asked to march in lockstep with the U.S. and follow her military and geopolitical lead. In this regard, they feel more like military subcontractors—in which case, they'd at least prefer to be paid as such. Yet the U.S. is not so wealthy as to be able to pay for their assistance on a subcontracting basis. If Iraq is a lesson in using coalitions of the willing, the lesson may be that they can work—but that America cannot afford them.

NR

■ THE WORLD

Commanding Heights

As global elites gather and jaw . . .

JAY NORDLINGER

How to describe the Annual Meeting of the World Economic Forum? It's the pages of the *New York Times* come to life. Or CNN, if you like. All the boys (and girls) are here: heads of state, foreign ministers, other ministers (including the clerical kind), businessmen, writers, actors, musicians, activists. It's an event where you have Mohammad al-Gergawi, the Dubai development big, David Gergen, the Washington politico and journalist, and Valery Gergiev, the Russian conductor, listed side by side (by side).

Davos, Switzerland

And you've got what you might call wild cards, such as Vladimir Pozner, the once-famous spokesman for the once-famous Soviet government. He may be seated next to living saint Elie Wiesel—it's that kind of world, or at least that kind of Swiss village, for five snowy, gabby days in January.

As usual, there are hundreds of panels, on every subject you can think of, and many you might not. Some of the offbeat ones are memory, narcissism (this panel is titled "Me, Inc."), and "How To Be Hip" ("Leaders—most often middle-aged or elderly—are not necessarily in touch with the youth culture").

But the attention tends toward Iraq. Last year, the gorgeous Alpine air was foul with anti-Americanism, though the anti-Americans would deny it. (I had a slippery German tell me, "Mine is not anti-Americanism, but a disappointed philo-Americanism." Yeah, right, Fritz.) War was only weeks away, and few were the Davos-goers who supported it. This year, the air is cleaner. The attitude seems to be—if I may generalize—"It [the war] happened, we hated it, but it went quickly, now there's the problem of nation-building, let's move on." Or as Bill Gates said—in one of the most striking moments of the Meeting—"What are we supposed to do? Put Saddam back in power so he can resume killing and torturing people?" (I have paraphrased.)

The most robust and skillful defender of the Iraq war and occupation is Jack Straw, the British foreign secretary. He gives a defiantly upbeat report on the situation in Iraq: The police are firming up; 70 million revised (i.e., de-Saddamized) textbooks are being distributed; vaccines are being made available; electricity and water are improving; the judiciary is materializing. He notes that a currency and central bank have been established with remarkable speed, though you're not apt to hear about it from our

media. Moreover, newspapers are proliferating, satellite dishes (which were banned under Saddam) are sprouting, access to the Internet is unfettered—another no-no under Saddam.

And really, what was the civilized world to do? Leave the dictator in power and run the terrible risks he posed? Straw says that the United Nations issued 173 pages' worth of WMD concerns. These pages included "the strong presumption"—the U.N.'s words—"the strong presumption" that the regime possessed 10,000 liters of anthrax. Asks Straw, "Were we to do nothing? Nothing?" True, "we've found fewer WMD than expected, but we've found more mass graves." And no matter how much you hate the Coalition's efforts, can't you spare a smidge of gratitude for the liberation of all these millions from one of the most vicious tyrannies imaginable?

Listening to Secretary Straw—watching him perform—you can't help noticing the gap between him and his American counterpart, Colin Powell. Does Powell do what he could to defend the Iraq invasion and occupation before the world? Or does he just sit around, basking in his reputation as Internal Dissenter?

KING OF DAVOS

Bill Clinton is here, as usual, and he is probably the Forum's favorite American—King of Davos, if you will. People look at him adoringly, and applaud his every hiccup. He gives a speech that has two main themes: 1) the (continuing) greatness of Bill Clinton, who works *so hard* on behalf of suffering humanity; and 2) the need to "systematize" assistance to the poor. This is his new buzzword, "systematize," along with its cousins "systemic," "systematization," and so on.

Actually, the ex-president gives a very fine speech, making a number of useful points amid the self-congratulatory chaff. And every time he refers, or alludes, to the Bush administration, it's in a complimentary way. Much of what the U.S. is accomplishing in the War on Terror doesn't make the newspapers—this cell rolled up, that bomb discovered on that container ship. And he informs his audience that terrorists aren't necessarily poor; why, some of them are downright rich. This fact is elementary to you and me, but the Davos-goers can use hearing it, from this trusted and beloved source.

Another star is Mohammad Khatami, president of Iran—or "the Islamic Republic of Iran," as we're evidently forced to say. He is our Moderate Mullah, the great hope for reform in Iran, however forlorn or misplaced that hope is. When he enters the main hall of the Congress Center—heart of the World Economic Forum—he is greeted rapturously. He floats across the stage in his black robes and headwear, smiling benignantly, executing little bows. In his speech, he quotes—get this—Hume, Weber, and Hegel. A neat trick, huh? He also inveighs against propaganda, although I'm slightly amused to see that his bio lists him as having been Chairman of War Propaganda for Iran—war propaganda, no less.

He also tries a definition of politics, something about a combination of the ideal and the possible. I think of Hubert

Humphrey: "Politics is the art of the possible." Mullah Khatami and HHH, peas in a pod?

Give a cheer too—a genuine cheer—for Olusegun Obasanjo, president of Nigeria. This is a Great African Hope, legitimately. Obasanjo is one of those ex-military men trying to make their countries safe for democracy, in his case a country that happens to be half Muslim, half Christian. Obasanjo says that he has read the Koran and the Bible from cover to cover, and sees little to choose between them, so similar are they. (Good politician, Obasanjo—and he just may mean it.)

He is for streamlining, debureaucratizing, modernizing; for openness, transparency, accountability—all that good stuff. No wonder the Bush administration is so high on him. And when asked about the ongoing agony of his continent as a whole, he says that Africa must lift itself—note itself—out of poverty: "Africa has to progress so as not to be a permanent problem to the world, and to itself." He declares that the first requirement of progress is "political will," on the part of Africans. The matter of Western assistance is far down his list. He is not a blamer, Obasanjo. By the sound of him, he's a realist.

What seems less real, however, is talk of poverty by the usual suspects. You know them: those princes of international conferences, talking in international-conference-ese. "Social justice" is maybe their biggest shibboleth, and the biggest shibboleth on

the planet. James Wolfensohn, president of the World Bank, speaks at length about poverty, and the obligation of the rich to help the poor. Generally absent is any consideration of what makes rich, and what makes poor: such matters as freedom, the rule of law, hard work. If the Third World desires the prosperity of the First, should it not emulate some of the practices that made the First rich to begin with?

Carly Fiorina, CEO of Hewlett-Packard—or HP, as it's now known—is here, and she assures the assembled that

the "fundamental objective" of her company is "to do good," "to be a good international citizen," not "to make money." When she says "to make money," she makes it sound so *dirty*. I find myself wishing, not for the first time, that businessmen would be a little less defensive and a little more self-confident. Does HP want to do good? Fine. Then let it invent and manufacture products that people need—or want, or that make their lives better—and sell them at affordable prices. That's doing good, baby.

Not to be more pro-HP than the CEO of HP . . .

INDISPENSABLE?

The man of the hour—Clinton and Khatami aside—is Pervez Musharraf, president of Pakistan, who has arrived in the Alps fresh from two attempts on his life. In his remarks, and bearing, he is the picture of sang-froid. Questioned about these assassination attempts, he says the following (and, again, I paraphrase): "I fight al-Qaeda and the Taliban on our western border. I deal with Kashmir and extremism on our eastern border. And I'm fighting extremists and terrorists in the middle of the country. So I step on a lot of toes. As for the assassins, I consider them occupational



Obasanjo: a Great African Hope

hazards. Fortunately, I have nine lives and I haven't used them all up yet." I wonder how many of the rest of us would be so cool.

Musharraf's persistent theme at the Meeting is "enlightened moderation." His hope for the Islamic world is that it will "reject extremism in favor of social and economic development." He conveys that the current struggle is basically one within Islam. Who will win out? The moderates and the modernizers, or the nuts? Abdullah, King Hussein's kid, who now runs Jordan, says the same: that this is no clash of civilizations—the King is not a Huntingtonian, and neither is Musharraf—but a crisis of Islam. Musharraf says that the Muslims need essentially three things from the United States: that it "heal" the Palestinian-Israeli conflict, Iraq, and Kashmir. Oh, is that all? Why not throw in the common cold, just for kicks?

At a press conference one morning, Musharraf stresses two points. First, Pakistan's nukes are under firm control, invulnerable to extremists. If anything, the world should worry about the ex-Soviet Union's nukes, not Pakistan's. And second, Pakistan's intelligence service, too, is under firm control: "There is no government-within-a-government. This is not a banana republic. The ISI is an extremely disciplined organization," doing nothing other than "what I want." Comforting, if true.

Leaving this press conference, a couple of journos offer the opinion that Musharraf is the one indispensable leader, the one guy—in a fiendishly hard job—whom the world can't do without. It is a plausible opinion.

Also here are Iraqis, who perhaps feel awkward among so many hundreds who opposed their liberation. They strike defiant notes, hopeful notes—defiant because hopeful, really. The most prominent Iraqis are Hoshiyar Zebari, the foreign minister—the one who told off Kofi Annan and the United Nations so splendidly in December—and Adnan Pachachi, the octogenarian member of the Governing Council. Pachachi is a wise, learned, dignified man, a reminder of what the Arab world was (in part) before sadists and fanatics with guns took over. His exile was long, and he is lucky to see his country have a second chance. Hoshiyar Zebari is a Kurd, a former militant in that movement. He speaks of an Iraq for all Iraqis, not just a brutal elite. The spring in the step of these men is unmistakable.

There are several Saudis here, including Prince Turki al-Faisal al-Saud, the Kingdom's ambassador to London. Everyone is extra-nice to him, asking him, for example, whether his country's work is made harder by the attempt of Big Bad Bush to impose "American-style democracy" everywhere. No one thinks to ask him something like this: "Mr. Prince/Ambassador, the penalty for the crime of possessing a Bible in your country is beheading. Do you think that could be reduced to, say, the amputation of three limbs, or the burning of half the body?" One bright moment comes when Lord Carey of Clifton, the former Archbishop of Canterbury, mentions that it would be nice if there could be a church in Saudi Arabia, one day. The ambassador-

prince responds that, if only Christians would accept Mohammad as a prophet, they could go to mosques to pray. Oh, well.

THE YANKS WEIGH IN

Americans are represented by a slew of Cabinet members, including John Ashcroft, who keeps coming to the Meetings, no matter how reviled he is. Introducing him, David Gergen calls him "the point of the spear" in the American anti-terror war. Getting to the microphone, Ashcroft quips, "I thought the spear was pointing at me." He goes on to give a thoughtful and eloquent speech about public corruption, and takes a variety of questions, including one on the prisoners at Guantanamo Bay. This is a big subject at this Meeting: those prisoners of the U.S. The feeling is that any one of us, at any time, could be plucked from the street and tossed into a cell at Gitmo. Yes, there is tremendous concern for prisoners in Cuba—only the prisoners are not Castro's innocent ones, but America's guilty ones. To say again: Oh, well.

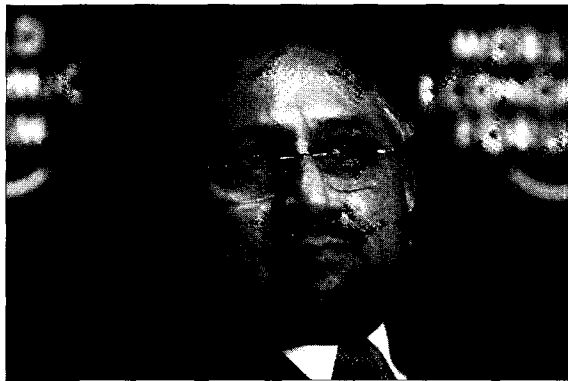
The lead American is Vice President Dick Cheney, making only his second trip abroad since being sworn in. At a reception the night before his speech, he remarks that Davos is okay, but "not as good as my valley in the Grand Tetons"—a touching display of loyalty. In the Congress Center, his speech justifies America's present course, and notes

and pays tribute to our many allies. In the last few days, I have met a lot of those allies: including Spain's dynamic foreign minister, Ana Palacio, and the president of Poland, Aleksandr Kwasniewski, and the extraordinary and outspoken Vaira Vike-Freiberga, president of Latvia. One morning, the *New York Times* publishes a Maureen Dowd column describing America's allies as "a gaggle of poodles and lackeys." They don't seem it. Not at all.

When Cheney is finished, he's asked several questions, including a *de rigueur* one about Guantanamo, and one about the Paul O'Neill book, in which the ex-Treasury secretary dumps mightily on the administration. Cheney says, "I guess I'm not the best personnel officer in the world"—for it was he who urged Bush to appoint O'Neill. Indeed, Bush "put me in charge of the search for vice president," and look how that turned out!

The Grand Mufti of Bosnia, no less, rises to thank Cheney "for what you have done in Bosnia and Herzegovina. Please, Mr. Vice President, convey to the American people that we will never forget that you came to Bosnia to help us survive as Muslims in the Balkan peninsula. We will never forget that. We didn't have oil [in this, he is addressing the Davos audience], you didn't have an interest to gain. You came to Bosnia-Herzegovina to show your credibility and your sense of morality."

Cheney thanks him, as well he might. Then he leaves Davos to go to Rome, where he'll meet with Silvio Berlusconi, another of Maureen Dowd's "poodles and lackeys." Would that there were more of them. But even at the Annual Meeting of the World Economic Forum, it's plain to see that there are enough. **NR**



Musharraf: the picture of sang-froid

the long view

ROB LONG

Official Transcript: Presidential Debate, October 23, 2004

PETER JENNINGS: "And now, gentlemen, we turn away from the economy and to another crucial topic. Mr. President, sir, we've all noticed a more healthy glow emanating from your skin—specifically, your face. Is there anything, sir, you'd like to tell us about that?"

PRESIDENT BUSH: "About my face?"

PETER JENNINGS: "Yes, sir. As you know, Senator Kerry has been remarkably forthcoming about his experiences with male cosmetics and Botox injections—"

SENATOR KERRY: "Peter, if I could just interrupt here—"

PRESIDENT BUSH: "Wait a minute. My face? What?"

SENATOR KERRY: "If I could just clarify, here, Peter—and by the way, a clarifying lotion is a really crucial part of my proposed nationwide skin-care regimen—if I could just clarify—"

PRESIDENT BUSH: "You want to know what I put on my face, is that what this is?"

PETER JENNINGS: "Senator Kerry, we'll have to let President Bush answer here. Yes, sir."

PRESIDENT BUSH: "Um . . . well, it's more of a . . . you know . . . soap-and-water type situation."

[gasps from audience]

PETER JENNINGS: "I'll have to ask the audience to remain quiet. Mr. President, sir, I have a follow-up question."

PRESIDENT BUSH: "Um, okay, I guess."

PETER JENNINGS: "Mr. President, who are you wearing tonight?"

PRESIDENT BUSH: "Who what?"

PETER JENNINGS: "The designers. Of your outfit tonight. Who are they?"

PRESIDENT BUSH: "Um . . . I really don't know."

[gasps from audience]

SENATOR KERRY: "If I can just break in

here, Peter. As some of you know, I've been very up-front about the things I've done to my face and body—not to appeal to voters, of course, but to project the kind of image we Americans should be projecting to the rest of the world. I didn't have the Botox and the ear bob and the lipo and the pec implants for me. I had them for the voters. I had them because I know that this is a better, younger-looking, more refreshed-appearing country than the Republicans give it credit for. Now, recently, I've noticed a certain bony flatness in President Bush's rear end—"

PRESIDENT BUSH: "Hold the phone. We're talking about my ass?"

SENATOR KERRY: "I happen to think that the American people deserve a president with a fuller, rounder, more appealing—"

PRESIDENT BUSH: "Is this coming out of my time? Peter?"

PETER JENNINGS: "Senator Kerry?"

SENATOR KERRY: " . . . a two-day procedure to remove some of the fat from around my waist and implant it into my posterior region because the American people—"

PRESIDENT BUSH: "Peter?"

PETER JENNINGS: "Senator?"

SENATOR KERRY: " . . . to fight the powerful interests with a trimmer, more shapely figure . . ."

PRESIDENT BUSH: "Peter, is this my time? Am I answering a question?"

PETER JENNINGS: "Yes, sir."

PRESIDENT BUSH: "Do you have a question?"

PETER JENNINGS: "Yes, sir, I do. Do you know who designed your footwear?"

PRESIDENT BUSH: "You mean, my cowboy boots? They were a gift. See, they have the Presidential Seal on 'em and everything."

PETER JENNINGS: "And the toe is pointed on the shoe, is that correct?"

PRESIDENT BUSH: "Yeah. Kinda pointy, I

guess. Pretty good . . . I don't know . . . pointitude, or something. Can we talk about Iraq now?"

SENATOR KERRY: "Peter, I'd like to rebut here, if I may. For the president of the United States to refuse, as this president has, to exfoliate or moisturize or even use a facial cleanser created for his specific skin type, well, I think the American people deserve better. For a president of the United States to refuse, simply refuse, to have a series of very simple procedures, and we're talking outpatient kind of stuff here, Peter, to tighten the sagging neck lines, and I'm very sorry, Mr. Bush, but you do have sagging neck lines, and to refuse an eyelid tuck—look at his eyelids!—and to refuse, again, to undergo a few Botox treatments to smooth out the lines on his forehead, eliminate his crow's feet, I mean, for a president to refuse all of that, is it any wonder that the American people are trying so hard to replace him? And then to stand here tonight, and to confess total ignorance of the designer of his outfit, his footwear, indeed, I'm sure, the fabrication of his suit components, is really an insult to the voters."

PRESIDENT BUSH: "What the hell?"

SENATOR KERRY: "You see how nice President Chirac of France looks? Glowing skin—thank you, chemical peel!—elegant suits cut in a flattering silhouette, terrific eyewear.

Or Tony Blair, with his highlights and his classic British style with updated, fashion-forward accessories? How can this president effectively communicate with our friends and allies around the world as long as he insists on looking tired, stressed out, and deliber-

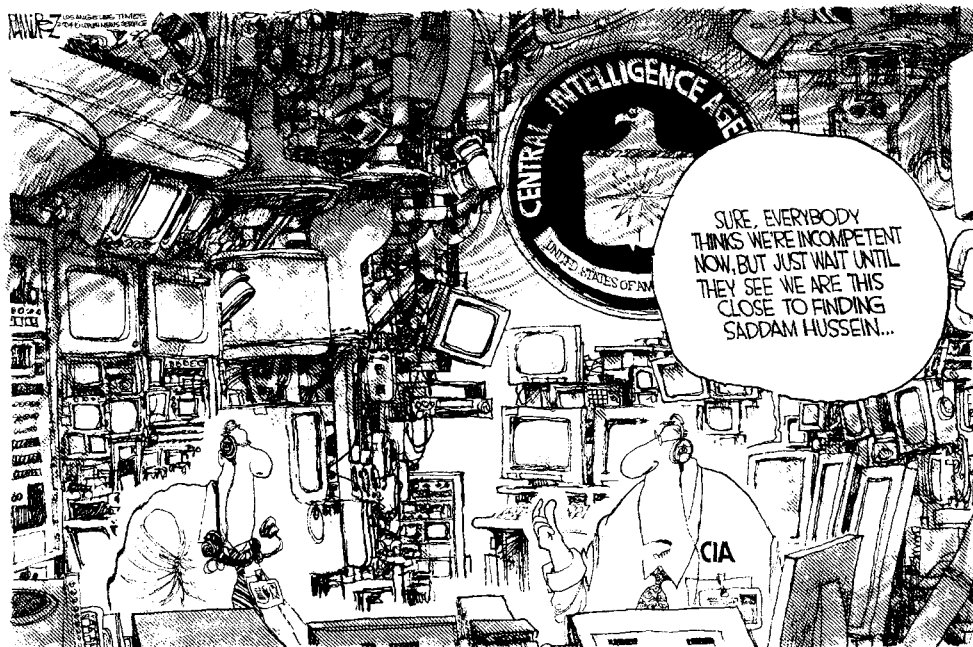
ately passé?"

PRESIDENT BUSH: "Peter . . . Peter . . ."

SENATOR KERRY: "If you won't tighten the skin around your neck and eyes, sir, then please, step aside. I will. An American president who won't undergo cosmetic surgery or Botox injections really causes me to raise an eyebrow. That is, if I could raise my eyebrow."



HELP!!!!



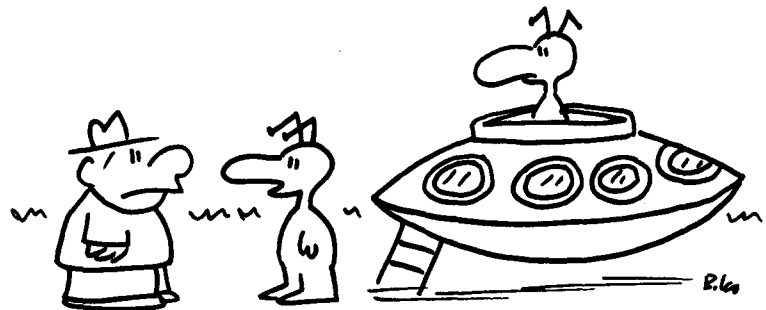
TWO LIBS FROM BOSTON

*John Kerry, when importuned by
A Fox reporter to deny
He's just a Massachusetts lib,
Looks injured as—this is a fib
(A whopper, really)—John maintains
He's just a vet who feels our pains;
While, peeking from his shoulder, Teddy
Grins wildly, bridgework at the ready.*

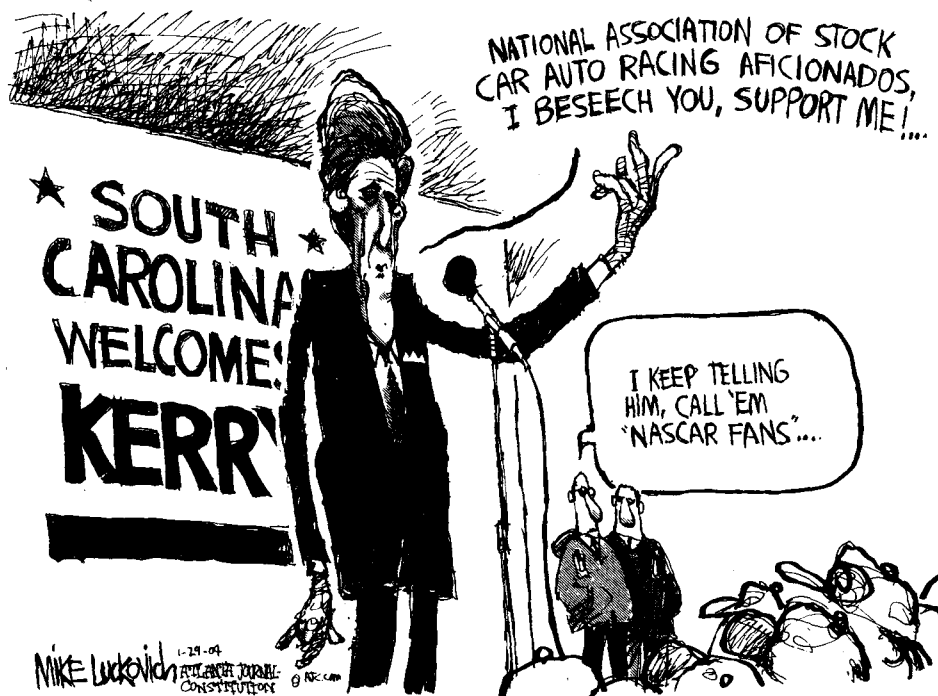
—W. H. VON DREELE



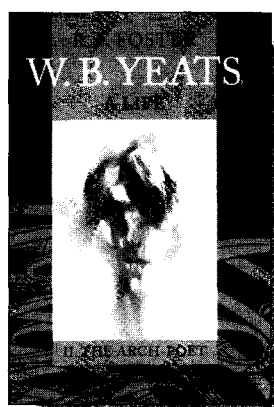
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"We've been picking up your C-SPAN broadcasts—
are you guys nuts or what?"



The Greatest?



W. B. Yeats: A Life, II: The Arch-Poet, by R. F. Foster
(Oxford, 798 pp., \$45)

JEFFREY HART

Is William Butler Yeats Number One? A young professor at Columbia, one of the best lecturers on Shakespeare I ever heard and a man whose opinions I took very seriously, once remarked to me that Yeats was “the best poet in English since Shakespeare.” This would mean—going chronologically—that he was better than Donne, Marvell, Milton, Pope, Wordsworth, Keats, Tennyson, and T. S. Eliot. Today’s critical consensus on 20th-century poets in English looks something like this: Eliot and Yeats, tied for first; Frost second (not prolific enough after his earlier best stuff); Pound, Stevens, and Auden battling for third. (Of these six, four were American, one Irish, and only one English. For years English poets have resented the outsiders’ superiority.)

So the publication of the second and last volume of R. F. Foster’s Yeats biography, the whole amounting to some 1,500 pages, has been an eagerly awaited event. And everything about the work is first-rate: the scholarship, the literary criticism, Foster’s lucid and civilized style. It is hardly imaginable that there will be a successor.

The 1,500 pages were necessary for completeness, for never has such great work arisen out of a huge pile of such unpromising material: an idiosyncratic, and frankly incredible, cyclical theory of history dictated by his wife, who heard it from Voices (who sound like Vico and Spengler); the 20th-century history of Ireland, a tiny country on the margin of Europe; Yeats’s struggles in the third-rate Dublin theater, where his own plays, except for *The Words upon the Window Pane*, about Swift, do not amount to much; his failed love and courtship of the patriot diva Maud Gonne, who married a Major MacBride instead, killed in the 1916 Easter Rising and immortalized by Yeats as “a drunken vainglorious lout” (ah, what a revenge!); all enlivened by theosophy, séances, and other psychic esoterica. That Yeats was able to do so much with this amalgam of junk and trivia is one of the marvels of the age, and owes everything to his powerful transforming imagination—maybe the best since Shakespeare’s, especially considering that many of those earlier poets had more literary civilization immediately behind them. Add to that the fact that, beginning with *Crossways* (1889), he was a third-rate late Romantic poet, and that around 1910, with the immediate help of Ezra Pound and more generally the new example of modernism, he had to reinvent himself to stride forth as the emerging great modern poet.

What he did, beginning with *The Green Helmet* (1910), was re-create himself with a Nietzschean and Emersonian act of will and imagination. He projected the little events of recent Irish history against the apocalyptic screen of European history, and, using his cyclical theory of history, presented people he knew as recent versions of the past. Maud Gonne becomes Helen, Major Robert Gregory becomes Sir Philip Sidney and—having died young, as a WWI fighter pilot—the subject of the best elegy in English poetry, Lady Gregory’s Coole Park becomes a symbol of “all the beautiful things” that are being swept away by the revolt of the masses, the “swan that drifts upon a darkening flood.” The poet who steps forward in

1910 has Homeric tragic stature; well might his Dublin friends have thought, “Willie, we hardly knew ye.”

One benefit of the new Yeats’s cyclical theory is that it allowed him to re-experience the beginnings of great cycles, as in “Two Songs From a Play”:

I saw a staring virgin stand
Where holy Dionysus died,
And tear the heart out of his side,
And lay the heart upon her hand
And bear that beating heart away;
And then did all the Muses sing
Of Magnus Annus at the spring,
As though God’s death were but a play.

Another Troy must rise and set,
Another lineage feed the crow,
Another Argo’s painted prow
Drive to a flashier bauble yet.
The Roman Empire stood appalled:
It dropped the reins of peace and war
When that fierce virgin and her Star
Out of the fabulous darkness called.

There you have the whole thing: the great cycles (2,000 years), the rise and fall of Troy, the new Christian era “at the spring,” the “fabulous darkness” of Babylon and astrology; and a new Star, the prophetic voice (is “another Argo” the *Titanic*?).

The poetry gives authority to the otherwise dubious theory of history. Yeats’s “The Second Coming” (this time of barbarism) is one of our most quoted poems because it is a great poem that is also topical, the medieval falconer of cultural synthesis giving way to chaos, and the god-man to god-beast:

Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart, the centre cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world . . .
But anarchy is weak, and cannot last:

. . . somewhere in sands of the desert
A shape with lion body and the head of a man,
A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,
Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it
Reel shadows of indignant desert birds.

The morning paper? That appeared in *Michael Robartes and the Dancer* (1921). At the end of "The Waste Land" (1922) the voice says, "These fragments I have shored against my ruins." Eliot will go on a Dantean quest toward God; Yeats's answer is his poetry. He once said, at the height of his powers, that he wrote poems like lighting one cigarette from another. In one of his greatest, "Among School Children" (1928), he—a "sixty-year-old smiling public man" (a senator)—for a moment thinks he sees Helen/Maud Gonne in a little girl:

I dream of a Ledaean body . . .
I look upon one child or t'other there
And wonder if she stood so at that age—
For even daughters of the swan can
share
Something of every paddler's
heritage—
And had that colour upon cheek or hair,
And thereupon my heart is driven wild:
She stands before me as a living child.

At the end of this poem, we get something like an answer to "The Second Coming":

Labour is blossoming or dancing where
The body is not bruised to pleasure
soul.
Nor beauty born out of its own despair . . .
O chestnut-tree, great-rooted blossom,
Are you the leaf, the blossom or the
bole?
O body swayed to music, O brightening
glance,
How can we know the dancer from the
dance?

That is pure Nietzsche. God being dead, the self is a work of art, the closer to heroic perfection the better: Nietzsche's Übermensch as not the Storm Trooper but Beethoven and Goethe (though Nietzsche generally preferred French culture).

We see Yeats's self-invention "recorded" or imagined in the poem that stands as a preface to the 1914 volume *Responsibilities*:

Pardon, old fathers, if you still remain
Somewhere in ear-shot for the story's
end,
Old Dublin merchant 'free of the ten and
four'
Or trading out of Galway into Spain . . .
Pardon that for a barren passion's sake,

Although I have come close on forty-
nine,
I have no child, I have nothing but a
book,
Nothing but that to prove your blood and
mine.

Between 1914 and his death in 1939 that would be some book: beauty, love, history, defiance, hatred of liberalism (he called it Whiggery), the passing of the great estates, the alliance of artist and aristocracy in form and beauty. There would come a son, a daughter, and "A Prayer for My Daughter":

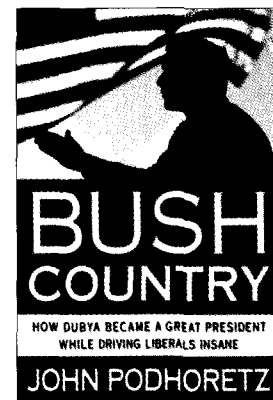
Once more the storm is howling, and
half hid
Under this cradle-hood and coverlid
My child sleeps on. . . .
And for an hour I have walked and
prayed
Because of the great gloom that is in my
mind. . . .

That is the Shakespearian tragic storm out of *Macbeth*, *Othello*, and *Lear*, calmed in *The Tempest* by music, dance, marriage, by repentance and, symbolically, the sacraments. So, in the tragic storm out of the 20th century, it is ceremony Yeats prays for:

An intellectual hatred is the worst,
So let her think opinions are
accused. . . .
And may her bridegroom bring her to
a house
Where all's accustomed, ceremonious;
For arrogance and hatred are the wares
Peddled in the thoroughfares.
How but in custom and ceremony
Are innocence and beauty born?
Ceremony's a name for the rich horn,
And custom for the spreading laurel
tree.

If you asked Nietzsche, "What is truth?" he would answer, "I dance," and so he did, through the entire history of Western philosophy. Or, as Yeats says, "How can we know the dancer from the dance?" His book, as I say, was some book. And, you know, maybe this guy *was* the best poet since Shakespeare. In any case, the great poet here has the biography he deserves: The specialist will cherish it, and the general reader can use Foster's index along with the table of contents of a collected Yeats to find the excellent commentaries. **NR**

A Time to Lead



Bush Country: How Dubya Became a Great President While Driving Liberals Insane,
by John Podhoretz
(St. Martin's, 288 pp., \$24.95)

MICHAEL POTEIRA

ASSESSING the historical significance of a presidency barely into its fourth year is a tricky business. At this point in his administration, Wilson was promising to keep us out of European war; Nixon, dazzling the world with his China expedition, was on the path to landslide reelection; Reagan, facing a still-monolithic USSR, was moderating his anti-Soviet rhetoric and calling for "a constructive and realistic working relationship" between the superpowers. Which makes John Podhoretz's achievement in this new book all the more impressive: His portrait of George W. Bush's character and his conduct of the presidency is utterly convincing. It draws the breathtaking arc from December 2000, through September 11, 2001, Afghanistan, and Iraq, to the present day—showing how this particular combination of man and moment changed the course of history. And they will have done so, regardless of the outcome of the 2004 election and whatever setbacks occur in succeeding years.

To begin at the beginning: Podhoretz



2004 Bermuda Cruise

Sailing May 12–19 on Radisson Seven Sea Cruises' *ms Navigator*

NEW SPEAKERS ADDED! **WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.** and **RAMESH PONNURU** to join former Education Secretary **WILLIAM BENNETT**, former CIA Director **JAMES WOOLSEY**, and *NR* editorial all-stars **RICH LOWRY**, **JOHN O'SULLIVAN**, and **JAY NORDLINGER**

Here's your special opportunity to take part in one of the most exciting seafaring adventures you will ever experience: the *National Review* 2004 Bermuda Cruise. Featuring an incredible cast of All Star speakers (and some incredibly affordable rates!), this truly special trip will take place May 12–19, 2004, aboard Radisson Seven Seas Cruises's *MS Navigator*—the acclaimed ship of the world's highest rated cruise line.

This is a *unique* opportunity to meet preeminent conservatives and policy-makers: "Definites" for this voyage are former Education Secretary and celebrated author **William Bennett**, former Central Intelligence Agency director **James Woolsey**, and *NR* editorial heavyweights **Rich Lowry**, **John O'Sullivan**, and **Jay Nordlinger**.

And now we are *very* happy to announce that *NR* founder and Editor-at-large **William F. Buckley Jr.**, as well as **Ramesh Ponnuru**—*NR*'s intelligent, opinionated, and provocative Senior Editor—will be joining us (we're still awaiting replies from other speakers who we've invited) for seven luxurious days of political shop-talk, conservative revelry, and world-class cruising.

Make that *top-of-the-world-class* cruising. For those who demand the very best, the *Navigator* is custom-made for you. But with prices starting at an incredibly low \$2,999 a person, the *National Review* 2004 Bermuda Cruise is "custom-made" for just about anyone! Unsurpassed service, sumptuous cuisine, spacious accommodations, and luxury, luxury, luxury are the hallmarks of this acclaimed ship.

You *can't* do better than the *Navigator*, or Radisson. Says who? Says *Condé Nast Traveler's* experienced and discriminating readers—they voted Radisson the "World's Best Small-Ship Cruise Line" this year! That's remarkable, and a testament to the fact that the *National Review* 2004 Bermuda Cruise will be a *superior* experience.

Fine cruising aside (more on that below), meeting top policy-makers and leading conservatives is *the* highlight of *NR's* voyages, and, as with our past trips, on the *National Review* 2004 Bermuda Cruise you'll have great opportunities to spend "quality time"—whether at the six seminars we have planned (each two hours long, and featuring scintillating discussions of current events, plus your participation via lively Q&A!), or at the exclusive three cocktail receptions or two late-night smokers (featuring **H. Upmann's** truly superior cigars and complimentary cognac) that are in store, or over a gourmet dinner with our editors and speakers (our goal is to schedule you to dine intimately with our sailing dignitaries on two nights).

This will be *NR's* second trip to **Bermuda**, and we're happy to be returning to this beautiful island. It never gets old: Sauntering through these charming cities of **Hamilton** and **St. George** (still steeped, like the customary afternoon tea, in the traditions of British colonial life) during the day, enjoying the nightlife, relaxing on the rose-blushed sands of Bermuda's gorgeous beaches—all of this and much more (like the numerous excellent excursions Radisson will provide) awaits you. Oh yes: The *Navigator* will also make a lengthy visit to **Norfolk**, from which fascinating tours to Colonial Williamsburg, Jamestown, Yorktown, and other historic Virginia landmarks are available.

Fascinating too will be your sumptuous cabin—all of the *Navigator's* staterooms provide an ocean view, nearly 90 percent feature private balconies, and none is smaller than 301 sq. ft. (at 1,173 sq. ft., the Master Suites are simply huge!). All staterooms feature European king-size beds (convertible to twins), separate sitting areas, marble baths with tub and separate shower, large walk-in closets with safe, terry robes, hair dryers, refrigerators (stocked with soft drinks), TV/VCR, in-suite bar set-up, and so much more. Oh yes: The Master Penthouse, and *Navigator* suites offer Butler Service, and there are even 10 suites that can be interconnected (that's *great* for families!).

As wonderful as the cabins is Radisson's renowned and pampering "Above and Beyond" service, which takes care of every nuance or house-keeping chore so you can spend your time in more pleasurable pursuits. And for those staying in select staterooms, your butler will unpack

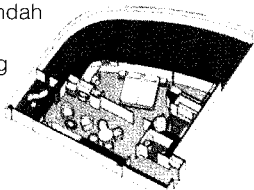
BEAUTIFUL BERMUDA! PHENOMENAL NORFOLK! WHAT A WEEK!

DAY/DATE	PORT	ARRIVE	DEPART	SPECIAL EVENT
Wed./May 12	New York City		5:00PM	
Thur./May 13	AT SEA			morning/afternoon seminars evening cocktail reception
Fri./May 14	Hamilton	8:00 AM		afternoon seminar late-night smoker
Sat./May 15	Hamilton	Overnight		afternoon seminar evening cocktail reception
Sun./May 16	St. George	7:00AM	4:00PM	
Mon./May 17	AT SEA			morning/afternoon seminars late-night smoker
Tues./May 18	Norfolk	7:00AM	5:00PM	evening cocktail reception
Wed./May 19	New York City	8:00AM		



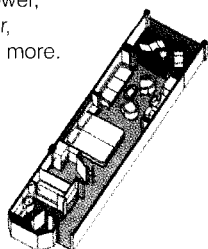
Superior service, gourmet cuisine, elegant accommodations, and great entertainment await you on the beautiful *Navigator*. Prices are per-person, based on double occupancy, and include port fees, taxes, gratuities, transfers (for those booking airfare through Radisson), all meals, entertainment, and admittance to and participation in all *National Review* functions. Complimentary selected wine is served with dinner, and all soft drinks, hot beverages, mineral waters and juices are served on a complimentary basis. At the start of the cruise, each cabin's in-room bar set-up is stocked with complimentary premium liquor. Rates for third person in cabin: 50 percent of double occupancy rate. No fourth passenger. Air travel to/from NYC available through Radisson.

GRAND SUITE Magnificent luxury quarters (539 sq. ft.) feature additional large private verandah (200 sq. ft.), king-size bed (convertible to 2 twins), whirlpool bath/shower, floor-to-ceiling windows, dressing room, large sitting area, VCR, mini-bar, refrigerator, butler service, walk-in closets, and much more.



Category GS
DOUBLE OCCUPANCY RATE: \$ 8,399 P/P

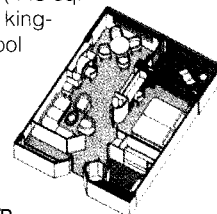
BALCONY SUITES Spacious room (301 sq. ft.) features private verandah (55 sq. ft.), king-size bed (convertible to 2 twin beds), whirlpool bath/shower, dressing room, large sitting area, VCR, mini-bar, refrigerator, floor-to-ceiling windows, and much more. "Penthouse" level has Butler Service.



Category B "Penthouse"
DOUBLE OCCUPANCY RATE: \$ 4,799 P/P
SINGLE OCCUPANCY RATE: \$ 7,499

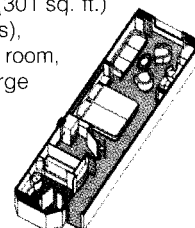
Category D (no butler service)
DOUBLE OCCUPANCY RATE: \$ 4,399 P/P
SINGLE OCCUPANCY RATE: \$ 5,499

NAVIGATOR SUITE Grand stateroom (448 sq. ft.) features private verandah (47 sq. ft.), king-size bed (convertible to 2 twins), whirlpool bath/shower, large sitting area, dressing room, VCR, mini-bar, refrigerator, butler service, walk-in closet, floor-to-ceiling windows.



Category NS
DOUBLE OCCUPANCY RATE: \$ 6,999 P/P
SINGLE OCCUPANCY RATE: \$ 12,999

WINDOW SUITE Large and comfortable (301 sq. ft.) features king-size bed (convertible to 2 twins), whirlpool bath/shower, sitting area, dressing room, VCR, mini-bar, refrigerator, walk-in closet, large ocean-view windows.



Category G
DOUBLE OCCUPANCY RATE: \$ 2,999 P/P
SINGLE OCCUPANCY RATE: \$ 3,999

FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL THE CRUISE AUTHORITY AT 1-800-707-1634

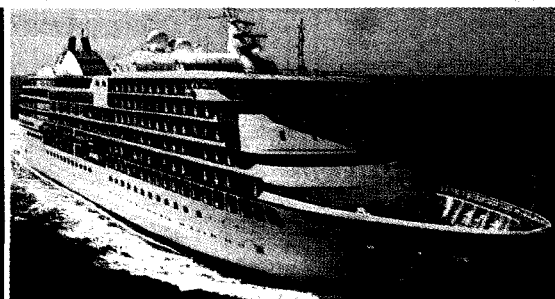
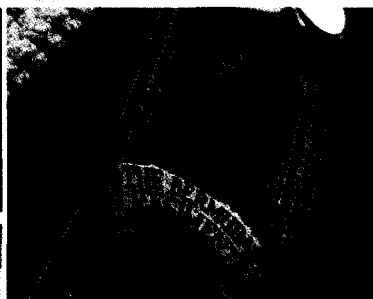
your bags and the Pressing Service will iron out every wrinkle on every shirt. With the *Navigator's* outstanding 1-to-1.4 crew to guest ratio, you're assured matchless personal service. So relax—let your butler arrange that cocktail party in your suite, schedule your dinner at the (reservations-required) Portofino Grill, get you a private car at the next port of call, and so much more!

A week of very fine dining will also be in store: The *Navigator* offers the best food on the high seas. Imagine enjoying your intimate, gourmet dinner (with a guest speaker!) at the *Navigator's* elegant Compass Rose restaurant, or dinner-for-two with your spouse at the Portofino Grill, where sumptuous Italian cuisine is the fare. (Wherever you dine, a choice of fine, complimentary wine will be poured nightly! And soft drinks, hot beverages, juices, and mineral water are complimentary throughout the cruise!)

Aside from the fine dining, the spectacular seminars we're planning, and the numerous tours and excursions, there's so much else one can do on the *Navigator*. With one of the highest space-per-guest ratios at sea, there's plenty of room for many pleasurable pastimes (don't forget lounging on a deck chair!). On board you'll find a world-class spa, fitness center, and salon, duty-free boutiques, intimate bars and lounges, a swimming pool and two whirlpools, two golf driving cages where you may practice your swing, a well-stocked

library with a full-fledged computer center (so you can receive or send e-mail or browse the Internet), and a card room where a master bridge instructor ready to teach you his art. There's "High Tea" every afternoon and other happy diversions (art auctions and ballroom dance classes), and at night, ah . . . you'll be tempted to abandon any thoughts of going to bed at a sensible hour. There are dazzling live performances in the Seven Seas Lounge, thrilling games of chance at the elegant casino, romantic cabaret acts, plus dancing until you tell us when.

The *National Review* 2004 Bermuda Cruise will be a fabulous seven-day experience. Be part of it: Join Bill Bennett (who'll be discussing the *kulturkampf* and more), James Woolsey (who can give a more informed take on the war against terrorism than the former head of the CIA?!), and NR editors William F. Buckley Jr., Rich Lowry, John O'Sullivan, Jay Nordlinger, and Ramesh Ponnuru (and other top speakers we've invited) for a delightful week aboard the *Navigator*. Reserve your cabin: simply fill out and return the application form on the next page (you can also book right away at www.nationalreviewcruise-bermuda.com). The *Navigator* holds but 490 passengers, and cabins (already 50 have been reserved by NR readers!) are selling out quickly. Don't let yourself get shut out of what will be a true once-in-a-lifetime experience. Don't miss the *National Review* 2004 Bermuda Cruise.



The National Review 2004 Bermuda Cruise Application

Mail to: National Review Cruise, The Cruise Authority, 1307 Powers Ferry Rd., Marietta, GA 30067-5409 or Fax to 770-916-1425

Please fill out application completely and mail with deposit check or fax with credit-card information. One application per cabin. If you want more than one cabin, make copies of this application. For questions call The Cruise Authority at 800-707-1634.

Personal

Name #1 (full legal + informal name)	Birthdate	Shirt size (M/L/XL)
Name #2 (full legal + informal name)	Birthdate	Shirt size (M/L/XL)
Name #3 (full legal + informal name)	Birthdate	Shirt size (M/L/XL)
Street Mailing Address ()		
City	State	ZIP
Daytime Phone		
Special Information (medical conditions, celebrating anniversary, etc.)		
email address		

Payment

A deposit of \$1,000 per cabin is due with this application. If paid by credit card, balance will be charged to same card on 2/12/04 unless otherwise directed. If application is received after 2/12/04, the full amount of cruise will be charged. Cabins and categories are available on a first come, first served basis.

- ☐ My deposit of \$1,000 per stateroom is included.
(Make checks payable to "National Review Cruise")
- ☐ Charge to: AmEx ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ Discover



Expiration Date (Month) (Year)

Authorized Signature of Cardholder/Guest

Information and price quote on Cancellation Fee Waiver/Medical Insurance will accompany your statement. Cancellation Penalty Schedule follows (cancellations must be received in writing by the date indicated):

PRIOR to February 12, 2004
AFTER August 8, 2003

\$750 per person
100% of cruise/package

Cruise

(All rates are per person, double occupancy, and include all port charges and taxes, all gratuities, meals, entertainment, and National Review activities. Cruise-only rates include all of above except airfare and transfers. Failure to appear for embarkation for any reason constitutes a cancellation subject to full penalties. Personal items not included.)

PLEASE CHECK ALL APPLICABLE BOXES!

I. CABIN CATEGORY (see list and prices on previous page)

First cabin category choice: _____ Second cabin category choice: _____

Bedding: Beds made up as ☐ 2 Twins ☐ King/Queen

BOOKING SINGLE? ☐ Please try to match me with a roommate. (My age: ____)

II. AIR/TRANSFER PACKAGES

- ☐ We will provide our own roundtrip air and transfers to and from New York City.
☐ Include air with our package from _____ (see list below).
☐ We need to purchase transfers from New York area airports (LGA/JFK/EWR).

III. GENERAL INFORMATION

CITIZENSHIP: Is everyone a U.S. citizen? ☐ Yes ☐ No

If No, indicate citizenship: _____

DINING: I wish to dine with _____

DINNER: ☐ 8:15PM ☐ 6:15PM (conflicts with dining with speakers/events)

IV. PRE- AND POST-CRUISE TOUR PACKAGES

- ☐ Please send me information on pre-/post-cruise packages in New York.

Important!

Everyone cruising will be required to bring either a valid passport OR a certified birth certificate (with raised seal!), plus photo ID. Failure to do so may result in being denied boarding of the *Seven Seas Navigator*. Children do not require photo ID.

Responsibility: Notice is hereby given that the cruise advertised herein, including all tickets, vouchers and coupons issued and all arrangements for transportation or conveyance or for hotel or lodging or for sightseeing services are made by H2O Ltd. d/b/a The Cruise Authority (TCA) on behalf of National Review (NR), as agency for Radisson Seven Seas Cruises (RSSC), and/or service providers and/or suppliers providing services necessary for operation of the tour upon the express condition that TCA shall not be liable for injury, damage, loss, accident, delay or irregularity to any tour participant or his or her property that may result from any act or omission of any company, contractor or employee thereof providing services in connection with the tour, including but not limited to transportation, lodging, food and beverage, entertainment, sightseeing, luggage handling and tour guiding. Furthermore, TCA cannot be held responsible for delays or costs incurred resulting from weather and road conditions, breakdowns, strikes, acts of terrorism, riots, acts of God, authority of law or other circumstances beyond its control. In the event that a participant be entitled to a refund of monies paid, TCA will not be liable in excess of amount paid. TCA reserves the right to decline any persons as a tour participant at any time. TCA is not responsible for price increases imposed by RSSC and/or service providers. Such increases may be implemented prior to deposit received. TCA is not responsible for breach of contract or any intentional or careless actions or omissions on the part of RSSC and/or service providers, such as suppliers of tours or other services used or obtained on or at the time of the cruise or shore excursions, which result in any loss, damage, delay or injury to you or your travel companions or group members. TCA does not guarantee any of such suppliers' rates, booking or reservations and TCA shall not be responsible for any social or labor unrest, mechanical or construction difficulties, acts of terrorism, diseases, local laws, climate conditions, abnormal conditions or developments or any other actions, omissions or conditions outside of TCA's control. TCA, nor NR shall be responsible for the accessibility, appearance, actions or decisions of those individuals promoted for this cruise. By embarking upon his or her travel, the traveler voluntarily assumes all risks, and is advised to obtain appropriate insurance coverage against them. Retention of tickets, reservations, or package after issuance shall constitute a consent to the above and an agreement on your part to convey the contents hereof to your travel companions.

AIR TRAVEL: Simplify your air travel arrangements with Radisson Seven Seas Cruise's "Fly Cruise" Program. The following per-person rates are for Coach and First/Class (space-available basis) travel to and from the listed home city air gateways. These rates include round-trip transfers.

CITY	COACH	FIRST	CITY	COACH	FIRST	CITY	COACH	FIRST	CITY	COACH	FIRST	CITY	COACH	FIRST
AL Birmingham	539	2,200	FL Tampa	429	1,600	MI Detroit	459	1,600	NC Raleigh/Durham	429	1,600	TN Knoxville	539	2,200
AR Little Rock	539	2,200	GA Palm Beach	429	1,600	Grand Rapids	459	1,600	ND Fargo	799	2,600	Memphis	539	2,200
AZ Phoenix	779	2,600	Atlanta	429	1,600	MN Mnpls/St. Paul	459	1,600	OK Oklahoma City	539	2,200	Nashville	539	2,200
Tucson	779	2,600	Savannah	429	1,600	MS Jackson	539	2,200	Tulsa	539	2,200	UT Salt Lake City	779	2,600
CA Los Angeles	779	2,600	HI Honolulu	799	1,600	MO Kansas City	539	2,200	OH Cincinnati	459	1,600	VA Norfolk	359	800
Palm Springs	779	2,600	ID Boise	799	2,600	St. Louis	459	1,600	Cleveland	459	1,600	Richmond	359	800
Sacramento	779	2,600	IL Chicago	459	1,600	MT Great Falls	799	2,600	Columbus	459	1,600	WA Seattle	799	2,600
San Diego	779	2,600	IN Indianapolis	459	1,600	NE Omaha	459	1,600	OR Portland	799	2,600	WI Milwaukee	459	1,600
San Francisco	779	2,600	IA Cedar Rapids	459	1,600	NV Las Vegas	799	2,600	PA Philadelphia	359	800			
CO Denver	779	2,600	Des Moines	459	1,600	Reno	799	2,600	Pittsburgh	359	800	CANADA (\$USD)		
CT Hartford	359	800	KS Wichita	539	2,200	NM Albuquerque	799	2,600	RI Providence	359	800	Calgary	799	2,600
DC Washington	359	800	KY Louisville	459	1,600	NY Albany	359	800	SC Charleston	429	1,600	Edmonton	799	2,600
FL Ft. Lauderdale	429	1,600	LA New Orleans	539	2,200	Buffalo	359	800	TX Austin	539	2,200	Montreal	359	800
Ft. Myers	429	1,600	Shreveport	539	2,200	Rochester	359	800	Dallas/Ft. Worth	539	2,200	Ottawa	359	800
Jacksonville	429	1,600	ME Portland	359	800	Syracuse	359	800	El Paso	539	2,200	Toronto	359	800
Miami	429	1,600	MD Baltimore	359	800	NC Charlotte	429	1,600	Houston	539	2,200	Vancouver	799	2,600
Orlando	429	1,600	MA Boston	359	800	Greensboro	429	1,600	San Antonio	539	2,200			

IMPORTANT NOTES: 1. You cannot utilize frequent flyer points or other promotions to upgrade these fares. 2. Airfares are subject to change without prior notice. Air tax has been included in the above quoted fares, and is subject to change without prior notice. 3. These air add-ons are price per-person and apply to the cruise or cruise + pre- or post-cruise package. All transfers for air/sea passengers are included. Air costs may be slightly higher for guests purchasing a post-cruise package. 4. Should you elect to provide your own air transportation, note that transfers from the airport to the *Seven Seas Navigator* in New York City are not included. Your flight must arrive at no later than 1:00pm on May 12th. Your return flight from New York or area airports should not be arranged before 11:00am on May 19th. 5. Should you wish to deviate your air from the "standard" schedule, Radisson Seven Seas Cruises charges \$100pp for this service. All requests must be sent in writing to The Cruise Authority. Air deviation fees are non-refundable. 6. Any special seat assignments or other requests must be made directly with the participating air carrier. You will receive your air schedule approximately 30 days prior to departure date. 7. All carriers and routings are at the discretion of RSSC. Requests for specific routing and/or carrier may result in additional charge.

makes it clear that Bush 43 is both his father's son and an emotionally secure adult. (W.'s self-description: "I'm a free guy.") Seeing his father succeed in the day-to-day work of politics and government demystified the process for W.; watching his father fail as president left him with a searing lesson in Mistakes to Avoid. On the latter point, Podhoretz is severe but accurate: "[Bush 41] is one of the finest human beings ever to serve in the White House—a man of infinite personal grace and dignity, loved and admired . . . But he was a disaster as a president and a party leader [because] he was consumed with process. . . . He did not seek to advance his ideas, or any ideas, for that matter."

And ideas are crucial to politics, because they answer the key questions about collective purpose: Why does the common life—as opposed to various individuals' lives—matter at all? And if it does matter, is my conception of it more true and noble than yours? As Podhoretz points out, the results of the 2000 election—a 930-vote margin *for* the GOP nominee in one state, a three-million-vote (Gore plus Nader) margin *against* him nationally—left W. "without a clear-cut mandate." Indeed, "Gore, running a more frankly liberal campaign than the centrist Clinton did in 1992 or 1996, got almost 3 million more votes in 2000 than Clinton had in 1996."

In short, there was no national consensus about the ideas that should form the backbone of the new administration, and what movement there was seemed actually to be away from the new president's party. "So there was George W. Bush on the cold morning of January 20, 2001—damaged goods, inexperienced, with a country that seemed on an ideological journey away from him." This was the political reality, Podhoretz observes, "and yet it transpired that he was not fatally compromised, or injured, or wounded. How did he pull it off? . . . By doing exactly what an unimaginative political adviser would have told him not to do: He set up camp on the Right."

**In the absence
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... lead?**

In the absence of consensus, Bush decided, why not be bold—and just do what you think is right? Why not . . . *lead*? And that, as Podhoretz demonstrates, is exactly what Bush did—notably, in the case of the tax cuts. Bush asked for a lot more than was politically imaginable, and got, well, a *little* more than was politically imaginable; for which the economy is now thanking him.

Bush's boldness served the cause of our recovery from a short-term recession; it was to serve a much greater cause in the days after 9/11—when foreign and defense policy became homeland issues. In the 2000 campaign, Bush had criticized the Clinton administration and spoken of a "humble" foreign policy—the word "humble" being, as Podhoretz points out, "code" for the message that Bush "was not interested in pursuing an adventurous foreign policy":

Bush probably owes Gore and Clinton an apology for his criticism. All of Clinton's foreign-policy successes came when he pursued the more robust, Reagan-style effort to exert American power on behalf of democracy and freedom—in Haiti and Bosnia and Kosovo. Indeed, the country would have been better off if Clinton and Gore had been far less humble and far more sweeping in their assertion of American power—if they had seen [the 1993 World Trade Center attack and other bombings as] the initial shots in the war on terror . . . Clinton and Gore had refused to recognize the change in the status quo those nascent acts of mass terror represented. Bush had no choice but to recognize it.

In fact, though, Bush *did* have a choice. As Podhoretz acknowledges, "a cynical political consultant would have looked at September 11 and offered this advice: Bomb al-Qaeda, declare victory, and go on about your business." It is the measure of Bush's character, and his boldness, that he grasped 9/11 not just as a problem—to be solved through short-term retribution and narrow

defensive measures—but as an opportunity to make the world a much safer place. Osama and his gang are the tip of a global iceberg of forces that reject freedom, modernity, and the dignity of the human individual. Why not pull these forces out at their very root?

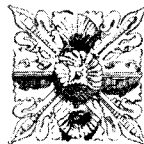
And that, as Podhoretz details in some of the most moving passages of his book, is exactly what Bush has sought to do—with, so far, remarkable success. He has succeeded not primarily because of our military might, but because he has united the nation emotionally behind these moral goals. A Democrat may win this November, or in 2008 or 2012—but not by appealing to isolationism. Americans now know that it does matter to us that the Talibans of the world are oppressing people. They hate us because we aren't oppressing anybody, and they want to hurt us because we offer an alternative.

By stressing this vision—of remaking the Mideast and the world—with great eloquence, Bush has changed the political consensus for the foreseeable future. Podhoretz makes a frank admission: "It pains me, a former speechwriter for Ronald Reagan, to say this, but I believe Bush is the best presidential speaker since [FDR]. It pains me even more to acknowledge that I was once one of those all-too-clever journalists who believed Candidate Bush was lighter than a feather, the least-prepared person to occupy the Oval Office in the modern era. He proved me wrong. George W. Bush . . . [has] constructed one of the most consequential presidencies in the nation's history."

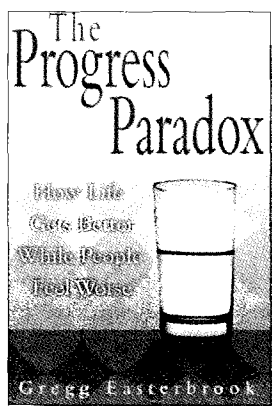
It should be some consolation to Podhoretz that he is far from alone. I myself look back at Candidate Bush of 2000, seeking hints of the intelligent resolve that would be the hallmark of his presidency; but—I admit—in vain.

Podhoretz's book alternates between chapters analyzing Bush's record and chapters debunking the frenzied rhetoric of his detractors; the former chapters are incisive, the latter scathing. The result is an accurate, well-written, and inspiring account of a few years in which disaster struck a great nation, and a statesman led that nation in a bold reassertion of its highest ideals.

NR



Horn of Plenty



The Progress Paradox: How Life Gets Better While People Feel Worse,
by Gregg Easterbrook
(Random House, 400 pp., \$24.95)

STEPHEN MOORE

GREGG EASTERBROOK has written a book with one major flaw: What's right in the book isn't new and what's new isn't right.

The first half of the book is what's right. Here Easterbrook, a senior editor of *The New Republic*, chronicles in entertaining detail the multitude of ways in which life in America gets better all the time. Americans today have better health, more wealth, greater safety (even in the new age of terrorism), better nutrition (in fact, too much nutrition), more leisure time, cleaner air and water, and just more stuff to play with and keep them entertained than any earlier generation. In fact, there are an estimated 80 billion people who have ever lived on this earth, and Easterbrook calculates that even poor Americans have a better material living standard than 99.4 percent of them. To have been born here and now is to have truly won the lottery of life.

There's no getting around it: We're a

Mr. Moore is president of the Club for Growth.

spoiled society. We have access to treasures and opulence that were far out of the reach of our ancestors: fresh strawberries in March, toys for our pets, limousine service for our teenagers going to the prom, and Kenmore dishwashers with 16 settings. Most vitally, Americans now can purchase modern antibiotics and vaccines—costing just a few dollars—for asthma, smallpox, polio, arthritis, and tuberculosis: diseases that once relegated millions of people to misery, wheelchairs, and premature death. According to Easterbrook, Americans now spend more money on Jet Skis, yachts, and other recreational watercraft than the entire GDP of North Korea. “Gas-station minimarts now sell cabernets and chardonnays far superior to the wines drunk by the King of France”—now that's opulence. We have become such an affluent society that the new definition of a “need” in America is, in the words of George Will, “something we have wanted for 48 hours and still don't have.” There's an old saying that if you must be poor, the United States is a good country to be poor in. Thank you, capitalism.

Easterbrook rightly sneers at the crass and preposterous things our consumer-driven society sometimes spends money on, but he has more contempt for the crisis-mongers in media, academia, and government who chronically complain about American life. He ridicules the daily, sensationalized news reports of “poison in the water,” lost forests, the health crisis, or whatever the calamity du jour happens to be. Our latest societal affliction is “choice anxiety”: so many things to choose from and so little time.

Conservatives won't be shocked to learn in this book that much of the negative information the press spoon-feeds us about America is not true. Indeed, most of the trends and data Easterbrook puts forward come from the work of the great Julian Simon—who made all these points throughout the 1970s, 1980s, and 1990s, when almost every “expert” really believed the scaremongers. So it's highly disappointing to find in this book exactly one minor reference to Julian Simon. When a writer stands on the shoulders of a giant, he really ought to acknowledge his presence more forthrightly.

In the book's second half, Easterbrook

discusses the economists' conundrum of whether getting richer makes us happier. There isn't much evidence that Americans are more satisfied with their lives today than in the 1950s, an era when our parents didn't have VCRs, \$800 designer teapots, treatments for cancer and heart disease, cleaner air to breathe, and so on. (Although our parents and grandparents may have been just as happy as we are, the evidence does show they were more bored. Our ancestors slept a lot more than we did, because there was nothing else to do at night.) To defend this idea that money doesn't buy happiness, Easterbrook points to data showing that chronic depression is a bigger problem in our society than ever before. Count me a skeptic on these data: First, you've got a

MY CAROUSEL

Hunting Park, Philadelphia

They came and carted off my carousel,
Tore out its horses and gold chariots,
Its lions and gilt mirrors and huge wheel
Of grease that spun the zodiac around;
Each hand-carved piece went to the
 auction block
To please collectors of such artifacts;
For everything must pay its way, they say,
And carousels are definitely passé
And have no business in a public park.

I liked to walk there on warm afternoons
And hear its ancient scratchy phonograph
Playing fantastically outdated tunes
To the delight of children whirling round
In a bright vertigo of sight and sound.
The carousel became the axle-tree
Of my entire little universe
As cosmical as Merlin's Table Round.

The building's left, deserted like a tent,
Nailed, boarded up to hide the void inside,
Its wooden navel sticking in cold sky.
I wander there like someone lost, bereft,
Watching the kids play soccer to loud
 cries.
I wonder still about my animals.

—RICHARD O'CONNELL

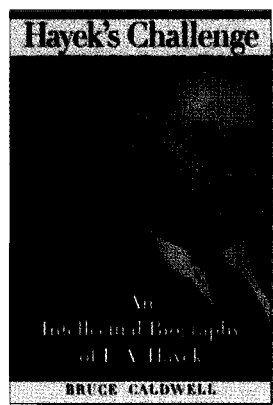
reporting bias. Nowadays, it's almost chic to be depressed. In any case, as with almost every disease, if you have to be depressed, much better to be living today than 50 or 100 years ago, before modern chemical treatments for depression made the condition much more bearable.

Also, as an economist, I'm a bit of a skeptic on Easterbrook's "paradox of progress" argument. We economists believe in "revealed preferences": If you choose something voluntarily, then—we assume—you are better off. If getting richer and having more and more things doesn't make us happier, why do we spend so much of our lives trying to get more money?

Finally, Easterbrook's last two chapters are seriously wrongheaded. After devoting 200 pages to the proposition that our system of free-market capitalism has created a life for most Americans that is better in almost every qualitative way than that of our parents, and even better for today's poor than the lifestyle of the kings and queens of Europe in bygone eras, Easterbrook suggests "reforms" that would . . . move us away from the policies that laid the foundation for this prosperity in the first place. Easterbrook's grand solution to eliminating poverty in America is to raise the minimum wage to \$10 an hour. How eliminating several million low-income jobs in America will help the poor is never explained. Then, to solve the problem of poverty worldwide, Easterbrook advocates a massive increase in foreign aid. This is an even bigger letdown: Not only has foreign aid been a colossal failure in promoting development everywhere it has ever been tried, it misses the whole point of what this book should be telling us, but never really does. It's not by chance that America has become the most prosperous place anywhere at any time in human history. The free-enterprise system is the answer, the goose that lays the golden eggs. The way to bring prosperity to even the poorest nations on earth is not to give them more handouts so that corrupt despots like Imelda Marcos can buy more shoes, but for these nations to—simply—be more like us. That is not the Progress Paradox, it is the Progress Paradigm.

NR

The Austrian Teacher



Hayek's Challenge: An Intellectual Biography of F. A. Hayek,
by Bruce Caldwell
(Chicago, 489 pp., \$55)

JASON STEORTS

FRIEDRICH HAYEK said of his book *The Fatal Conceit* that "it is a work for which one has to be an economist, but this is not enough!" This sentence captures the essence of both the book and its author. Hayek was an economist, of course—but he was much more. His contributions extend to fields as disparate as cognitive psychology and political philosophy. So the study of Hayek's thought is not without its difficulties: One must think like an economist, but this is not enough.

Bruce Caldwell—who *is* an economist, and a historian—confronts the difficulties inherent in Hayek scholarship with this new book. Caldwell admits to some trepidation about his work. "I am an historian of economic thought, and my own self-image is that I am a careful one," he writes. "One need not be a genius to recognize that writing outside one's field is not a good way to be careful." Such reservations notwithstanding, Hayek is fortunate in his biographer. *Hayek's Challenge* is a success, and

Mr. Steorts is a former *Harvard Crimson* columnist and *NATIONAL REVIEW* intern.

Caldwell proves himself capable of presenting Hayek's ideas—in all fields—with both depth and clarity.

The book is divided into three main sections. Roughly the first quarter discusses the rise of the Austrian school of economics and its antagonism with the German historical school in the late 1800s—the background against which Hayek would emerge. The next section of the book—just over half—traces the development of Hayek's thought over the course of his life. Readers interested in the *facts* of that life will be disappointed, as few are given. What is provided in great detail, rather, is a discussion of Hayek's main works, summarizing both their general themes and their specific arguments. In the final section of the book, Caldwell assesses Hayek's legacy. Here Caldwell is less historian and more interpreter, offering his thoughts on the success and relevance of Hayek's work and placing it in the context of contemporary thought.

Where Caldwell succeeds best is in showing how certain of Hayek's basic concerns affected his views across the board, on seemingly unrelated matters; and those who know Hayek in only one of his guises should find it rewarding to get to know the man as a whole.

Consider, for example, Hayek on income redistribution. Readers of *NATIONAL REVIEW* are perhaps most likely to think of Hayek as the author of *The Road to Serfdom* and *The Constitution of Liberty*, works of political philosophy in which he defends market institutions against interventionist policies designed to achieve "social justice." (Hayek's work in this area played an important role in the conversion of Robert Nozick, another great defender of free markets, from socialism.) What many may not know, however, is that Hayek's antipathy toward socialistic meddling was but one manifestation of his more general concern with what he called the "knowledge problem"—his insights into which are, according to Caldwell, his most important contribution to economics.

In the 1937 essay "Economics and Knowledge," Hayek formulated the "knowledge problem" this way: "How can the combination of fragments of knowledge existing in different minds bring about results which, if they were to be brought about deliberately, would

books, arts & manners

require a knowledge on the part of the directing mind which no single person can possess?" Hayek's answer was that market institutions manage to gather the "fragments of knowledge" and coordinate individuals toward efficient outcomes. No one knows just what combination of production inputs will minimize costs and produce the quantity of goods that satisfies demand. But the operations of the market, in which prices are not fixed but respond to changes in supply and demand, are a "discovery procedure" (as Hayek would later put it) for such information.

Lest that sound like a small insight—the stuff of an introductory economics textbook—note how Hayek's answer diverges from standard neoclassical economic theory. In the textbook version, individuals are assumed to have perfect rationality and foresight. They then unfailingly make decisions about the allocation of their resources that maximize their utility. While this model no doubt has its uses, its unrealistic assumptions are often seized upon to discredit laissez-faire economics.

Hayek, like many of his peers (and the Austrians in particular), was also inclined toward skepticism of the elusive, perfectly rational *homo economicus*. But rather than take the apparent implausibility of the standard model as a reason to reject free markets, Hayek saw that free markets helped compensate for the limitations of human knowledge and rationality. By spontaneously gathering dispersed information and coordinating it through the setting of prices, markets make the choices of individual men both better informed and more rational than they would otherwise be. Hayek also understood—long before most, and to his great credit—that the incompleteness of any individual's knowledge makes central economic planning both impossible and undesirable. (Undesirable in that the planner must,

as Hayek explained in the 1939 pamphlet "Freedom and the Economic System," "impose upon the people the detailed code of values that is lacking"—paving a path toward despotism.)

Caldwell goes on to show how Hayek's reflection on the knowledge problem led him to conclusions about the methodology of economics. Just as no central planner knows enough to bring about an efficient economic outcome, no economist knows enough to make precise forecasts. Instead, economists must content themselves with offering general explanations of the principles by which economic outcomes arise, and making predictions about the pattern of future events (rather than predicting specific outcomes). This skepticism continues to rub economists of a positivist persuasion—which is to say nearly the entire field—the wrong way.

According to Caldwell, Hayek's main message concerned "the limits that we face as analysts of social phenomena." In this vein, Caldwell ends with a plea for a renewed interest in the study of economic history—a field that has been almost entirely displaced by economists' ever-increasing interest in mathematical models and empirical analysis. The positivist hope has been that such work would establish law-like relations between events and economic outcomes; but for Hayek—and, as is clear by the end of the book, for Caldwell too—such ambitions smack of hubris.

None of which is to say that empirical work should be abandoned. Hayek's call is for modesty in the profession's aims, not for complete asceticism. But one doesn't have to be an economist—or a political philosopher, or a cognitive psychologist, or anything else—to reflect on the last century and see the catastrophes to which overly sanguine economic planners can lead. For this reason alone, Hayek's challenge is worth remembering, and Bruce Caldwell has done a great service by reminding us of it. **NR**

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Elephant Walk



*Grand Old Party:
A History of the Republicans,*
by Lewis L. Gould
(Random House, 597 pp., \$35)

GERALD J. RUSSELLO

THE Republican party has been in existence for less than 150 years. In that short time, it has ended slavery, saved the Union, confronted Communism, and provided a home for those fighting against some of the bad, dangerous, or simply stupid ideas of our age: not a bad record. In this book, Lewis Gould, a professor emeritus of American history at the University of Texas, covers the party from its Lincolnian beginnings to the 2000 presidential election. Gould seems to be an old-fashioned historian, and the book is filled with detail that will endear him to political junkies. He provides analyses of changing voting patterns, the rise of the "southern strategy," and the importance of the West in the Republican electoral calculus.

This book—quite surprisingly, considering that it comes from a mainstream press and is written by an academic—says a number of nice things about the Republicans. Their emphasis on cultural issues, for example, has "often been

Mr. Russello is a writer living in Brooklyn.

necessary and salutary” to correct the excesses of liberalism. Gould also notes, with some astonishment, that the GOP up until 1980 had a platform plank supporting the Equal Rights Amendment and was “marginally more inclusive” than the Democrats. The party was founded on anti-slavery principles and the desire for progress toward racial equality; the Democrats, meanwhile, for many decades harbored the racist leftovers of the Confederacy.

Nonetheless, Gould has trouble coping with the changes the GOP has undergone. He writes that what started out as a “radical, reformist political movement . . . has become the conservative party of the nation. . . . Begun as a party of nationalism and positive government, the Republicans have evolved into the champion of states’ rights and limited federal power.” That

**Republicans
believe
federalism is
a cornerstone
of government
because it
preserves
freedom.**

Republican positions have changed over the years is not really disputable or even remarkable; a party that has contained Strom Thurmond and Arnold Schwarzenegger, and Ronald Reagan and Nelson Rockefeller, is a big tent indeed. Unfortunately, Gould examines

these policy shifts almost exclusively from the perspective of presidential-election cycles. This proves an unstable footing for an attempt to understand a party that has based its program in large part on a commitment to reduce the power of the federal government and the Washington elites. Such an approach also buries the state-level issues that still form the bulk of any party’s success. While

not unaware of these other factors, Gould’s narrative generally takes us from one national party convention to another.

More important, the book fails to

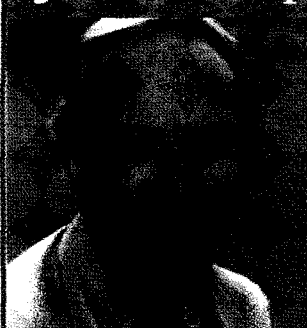
address in a significant way the intellectual shifts that influenced the policy changes. We see this perhaps most clearly in Gould’s summation of the differences between the two parties. In 2000, he writes,

the GOP was still pro-business, but otherwise it had taken over key aspects of the Democratic creed of the Bryan era: states’ rights, small government, free trade, and limits to overseas involvement. On race, the Republicans had not adopted the creed of white supremacy, but they did represent the view that too much had been done for African Americans and other minorities during Democratic administrations.

This summary is, to put it mildly, misleading. There is a world of difference between believing in states’ rights because they help maintain “the creed of white supremacy,” and believing that federalism is a cornerstone of American constitutional government because it preserves freedom. A serious examination of the extent to which the policy

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shifts in Republican platforms reflected real changes in ideas—rather than mere short-term considerations of political expediency—would have made the book much more accurate.

The omission becomes more pronounced as we near the present. Gould weirdly opines that the Reagan Revolution “proved to be mostly rhetoric.” (Tell it to the Kremlin.) He does group Reagan with Lincoln, Eisenhower, and Theodore Roosevelt as one of the GOP’s “transcendent figures,” but Reagan still comes off in his account as something of a fraud: “When hard choices loomed, Reagan and the people around him preferred a conservatism of gestures rather than one of substance.” But Gould denies us the information we need in order to assess that conclusion. He gives us almost nothing of the intellectual substance that made the Reagan Revolution possible: very little of Milton Friedman, NATIONAL REVIEW, or the conservative resurgence of the 1960s and 1970s, except for a few scant paragraphs on the neoconservatives; and no Russell Kirk at all. And so when Gould gets to the 1992 convention and the subsequent career of Patrick Buchanan, we are at a loss to understand what is really going on in the struggle for ideas within the party.

If it is true, as *City Journal*’s Brian Anderson has recently argued, that conservatives are winning the culture wars, any ultimate victory will have a lot to do with the generation of Republicans who grew up with Reagan and who believed conservatism to be a coherent approach to modern politics and society. These millions of red-state voters who are rejecting the political party of liberalism have formed their own culture with their own institutions, one of which Gould calls the “talk-radio craze.” In his preface, Gould says that he wanted to understand how the Republicans have, over the course of a century and more, met the “deeply felt needs of the American people.” While *Grand Old Party* provides a decent introduction to the party’s history and achievements, more is needed to get to the core of the Grand Old Party’s enduring appeal. NR

■ MUSIC ■

Jackie Does 70

JAY NORDLINGER

THE last week of January was sort of Marilyn Horne Week in New York City. The great American mezzo-soprano celebrated her 70th birthday, and the tenth of her foundation. The Marilyn Horne Foundation does many good works: It develops young singers, and furthers the cause of the song recital. I think of it as a cultural “point of light.”

Carnegie Hall was host to three master classes—one of them taught by Horne herself—two panels, two recitals, and finally a big gala concert, at which stars of song poured their hearts out to “Jackie,” as she is known. Sadly, the week was shadowed by the sudden death of Robert Harth, the executive and artistic director of Carnegie Hall. As Horne said before the gala concert, it was a relatively short life, yes—Harth was 47—but a very, very good one.

Horne’s life began in Bradford, Penn., where she was a child sensation. At eleven, she moved with her family to Southern California, where she studied

with, among others, Lotte Lehmann. Horne dabbled a bit in Hollywood: At 20, she was the singing voice of Dorothy Dandridge in *Carmen Jones*. Later, she would figure prominently in the bel canto revival throughout the world: Rossini, Donizetti, and that lot. She achieved a measure of popular fame, appearing on Johnny Carson and even guesting on *The Odd Couple*.

In an interview with me last November, she said, “I have trouped it in this country” (and in Europe and elsewhere). She sang in all 50 states, the last of which was Wyoming. It’s her belief that “classical music is under assault in this country,” and that America is being “dumbed down.” She deplores a “cookie-cutter society” in which individuality is drummed out. About her foundation, she has an obvious sense of mission.

How good was Marilyn Horne? I use the past tense, because, even though she is still singing, her “classical career” is at an end. This season, she has toured with Barbara Cook, the (high-class) pop singer.

She was very, very good. Everyone holds that she was one of the greatest singers of her time. Many people say she was the greatest. Some people count her as one of the greatest singers ever. And a few even guess that she is the greatest singer ever to open her mouth. I like parlor games, but I won’t play at the moment. Suffice it to say that Horne set a standard to which all should aspire, however hopelessly.

Marilyn Horne teaching on Jan. 31



STEVE J. SHERMAN

She was an extraordinary marriage of voice and technique, all guided by a keen musical intelligence. The voice was fairly big, yet she could do anything with it—maneuver it at will. I tell people, about Horne, “Imagine a middle linebacker with the gymnastic ability of Olga Korbut.” Horne was utterly adaptable. She was nonpareil in Rossini, of course, but she was one of the great lieder singers, and singers of French *mélodies*, and exponents of American song (and Spanish song, and . . .).

There was one thing—one role—she didn’t sing, however: Violetta (in *La traviata*). “Do you think I should have tried it?” she asked me. I do, actually.

In addition to everything else, Marilyn Horne is a superb teacher, as she proves in her master classes. She has the gift of articulating what she knows. And, though she’s a proud political liberal, she exemplifies one of Robert Conquest’s Laws: Everyone is a conservative in his own field of expertise. Horne brooks no nonsense, is an upholder of tradition. She can even be schoolmarmish. “Speak up!” she’ll say, to a student announcing his piece.

In January’s master class, she was as she always is: shrewd, practical, inspiring, fun, a little bawdy—crammed with personality. With the first student, she explores “those tricky little things that make you crazy at Schubert.” She is a stickler for every vowel and consonant, particularly in German. “Text!” she’ll bark.

She does a lot of demonstrating, too, which, of course, is a joy for all concerned. Horne has no vanity about this, no ego. She doesn’t care how she is sounding, or that an audience is present. Imagine an actress going out without her face. This, Horne will do, vocally, although the voice is still a marvel, and she sounds like herself, only more so, if you know what I mean. (All the peculiarities are exaggerated.)

As a student mezzo is making her way through one of the *Kindertotenlieder* of Mahler, Horne says, “Too much Ulrica, honey.” (Ulrica is a Verdi role, from *Un ballo in maschera*.) She wants it more song-like, more Mahlerian. When the student is a little flustered, Horne says, “It’s okay: Me teacher, you pupil.”

The gala concert the next day features a slew of top singers, including Thomas

Quasthoff, Olga Borodina, and Frederica von Stade. The Clintons, Bill and Hillary, are honorary chairmen (or “chairs,” as the program inevitably puts it). A biographical film is shown, and the tributes gush forth, to Horne as singer, woman, mentor, etc. The soprano Deborah Voigt has sent a video message, in which she says that she listened to one Horne cassette over and over, in her Ford Pinto, until it burned out (the tape, that is). There’s a bit of a personality cult around Horne, but you can forgive it: She almost deserves it.

In the concert’s second half, Horne gives a little speech, in which she says mushy things about music and its power in our lives (all true, by the way). And she does a little singing. She and Barbara Cook perform a bit of their act, which includes banter. How did they meet? At an Overeaters Anonymous meeting; Horne was skulking in the back. Horne’s voice and Cook’s voice, together, are a little strange: a Cadillac and a moped (and I say this as a fan of Barbara Cook—and of mopeds). But they make it work.

To close the affair, Horne has all that day’s 18 performers sing “At the River,” the old American hymn arranged by Aaron Copland. Of all the voices, the birthday girl’s is easy to pick out, and it is the best (frankly).

Just recently, the Decca label issued a two-CD compilation called *Just for the Record: The Golden Voice*. The title is not only trite, but also a little misleading, for the voice wasn’t golden (although it could be that): It was harsh, sweet, dark, bright, wide, thin, luxuriant, biting—whatever she wanted it to be. But the CDs provide an excellent sampling of all she could do, in her illimitable repertory. Also valuable is a two-CD set of pirates on the Gala label, showing the early Horne as a soprano (in Brunnhilde’s Immolation Scene, for example).

But what takes the cake, perhaps, is a live recital from Salzburg available from VAI. It does something I would have thought impossible, or at least unlikely: It conveys what a Horne recital—this particular year was 1979—was really like. And what it was like was . . . unforgettable.

During this master class, Horne told a story that encapsulates much of the woman herself: the exalted artist and ser-

vant of music; the hearty personality. She was in North Carolina, in a rental car, and she had the radio tuned to Raleigh’s classical station. There was a recording of Schubert’s Symphony No. 8 (the “Unfinished”), and she was so moved by this music that she had to pull over to cry. “Of course, I was on a very strict diet at the time . . .” (Huge laughter.) “. . . and it could have been sugar deprivation.” (Huger laughter.)

It would be terrible to be deprived of Marilyn Horne. NR



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Art-House Memories



RICHARD BROOKHISER

LIKE every suburban mall, New York City has its multiplexes. Once upon a time Hollywood sought to confer status on movie-houses by making them resemble Egyptian temples. Now they make them resemble Strategic Bomber Command, with a bit of video-game parlor. The ticket booth in my neighborhood multiplex is a Plexiglas window beneath a blinking display showing the availability of current selections. Escalators take you to your proper floor, dinning you with music as you rise and fall. Once you step off, you pass banks of joysticks and glowing terminals, calling to young people who have not been stimulated enough. In the theater you find a padded stadium seat that slides and reclines, like the driver's seat of an SUV that is trying to be sporty. Cupholders in the armrests await your industrial-strength Pepsi, your steroidal bucket of popcorn. There follows fifteen minutes of trailers for movies that will premiere in eight months, which elicit not one sound of pleasure or dismay from the still, dimly lit audience. The speakers roar like a Mahler symphony in full nervous breakdown. Finally, you get to watch a thousand computer-generated orcs, or a twenty-foot-tall breast of Nicole Kidman. So Hollywood reaches out to us all. In boardrooms, coked-up maniacs and hard-eyed men calculate the results.

But snobbery, maladjustment, and

good taste together generate a small but real market for the odd and the old. In latte towns this market is served by college film societies. In New York, which is in some respects a huge post-graduate college town, this market is served by art houses.

The art house may be carved out of the carcass of some extinct mainstream venue—a vaudeville palace, a Yiddish theater—the screen in a reconfigured balcony, or jammed against an old proscenium. If the art house is newer, the theater must still be small and ungainly—low-ceilinged, or narrow as a subway car. Seats are hard and uncomfortable, complaining when you push them down, snapping when you get up. The lobby décor neither moves nor makes noise: posters of current offerings, or of cinema icons—Cary Grant, French musical stars of the Vichy era. Before my time, when all art films were European and existentialism was new, art houses gave away espresso. Now art movies come from Australia and Iran, and you are well advised not to come hungry or thirsty.

Even art houses have many screens these days, and some of them hedge their bets with mainstream fare. I once found myself wondering why so many small children had been taken to see Gérard Depardieu playing Cyrano de Bergerac, when I realized that I had gone to the theater showing *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles*. Check listings carefully. Another time I arrived for a showing of *Hitler's Secretary*, and found instead *Secretary*, a piece of high-end bondage.

The movies we have come to see satisfy at least one of the following characteristics. They may be in a language we do not understand. A drama about two Eskimo brothers. Beautiful, frozen. Left after an hour, with two hours yet to go. A guided tour of the Hermitage, led by the Marquis de Custine, gay Catholic diplomat. Saw the whole thing. A Soviet-era biography of Andrei Rublev, icon painter. Left after a crucifixion. A Hungarian movie about a man who is released from a prison camp. A Serb told me to see it; I should have known better. Left. Sometimes the foreign language is American English, spoken by fellow citizens of a different race. A comedy for black twelve-year-olds about a kid who works in a burger joint. What was I thinking? Left. A portrait of Thomas Dorsey, composer of "Take My Hand,

Precious Lord," the gospel standby. "Praise the Lord" from the audience, not the usual art-house crowd. Saw the whole thing.

Our movies may be documentaries—just like television, but without hosts, music, or concern for ratings. A blind blues singer learns Tuvan throat singing over his ham radio, goes to Tuva (it's upstairs from Mongolia). Saw the whole thing. Tibetans make an annual pilgrimage to harvest salt. Saw the whole thing. An omnibus documentary about a lion tamer, a topiary-hedge trimmer, a designer of robots, and an ethologist who studies mole rats. One of the best movies I've ever seen; saw the whole thing.

Or our movies may be certified hits, the best that Hollywood or its First World peers could produce, so long as they are ancient. Buster Keaton, Burt Lancaster dubbed into Italian, the rump of Brigitte Bardot. During the Carter administration, in a theater on St. Mark's Place, I saw with a friend the classic Hitchcock double bill, *The 39 Steps* and *The Lady Vanishes*. My friend, an ex-Randian, and I thrilled to the Churchillian heroics. The theater has vanished; so has the Cold War, and the end of history. New war, new heroics.

When the big movies in the big houses call the big emotions, they sometimes come: the shout for derring-do, the gross-out writhe, the well-timed guffaw, the tear. But the small houses, and the smallness of the concerns of their patrons, can produce their own concentration and intimacy. The New York art-house reaction can be wry, bracing. A passionate Japanese movie about a ghost and her earthly lover who risk damnation by spending an entire night together. Their fatal congress takes place behind the staring windows of an abandoned house. In the dark, a Bronx cheer: "What a *shande* for the neighbors."

Or we can recover innocence. An Indian movie about pride and aestheticism. In the climactic scene, a ruined landowner takes the purse containing his last resources and, in a grand motion, presents it to a dancer he has hired to entertain him and his guests. In the middle of that superb, foolish gesture, someone in the audience gasped (sincerely): "Oh my God!" So Bernard Shaw described Cockney soldiers, new to the theater, shouting warnings to Othello about Iago: 'Ere, do' believe 'im! When we believe, we shout.

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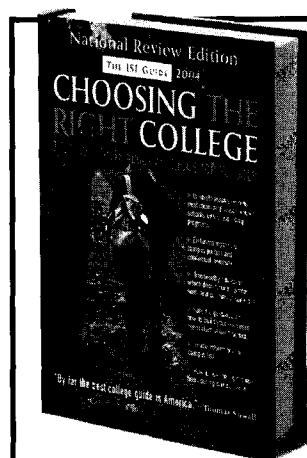
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WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

Fathoming Kerry

NEW YORK, JANUARY 23

THE voters in Massachusetts honor, and should, the heroism of John Kerry in Vietnam. What some voters will want to dwell upon is not Kerry, acknowledged hero of Vietnam, but Kerry, analyst of the Vietnam chapter in U.S. history.

When he returned from Vietnam and formed his committee to oppose the war, he went further than to renounce a military and geostrategic operation. In his famous testimony to the congressional committee, he used the kind of language about the architects of that war that he uses now about President Bush. He told Congress, in 1971, that he felt the call to one more mission, which was to "destroy the last vestige of this barbaric war, to pacify our hearts, to conquer the hate and fear that have driven this country these last ten years and more, so that when, thirty years from now, our brothers go down the street without a leg, without an arm, or a face, and small boys ask why, we will be able to say, 'Vietnam!'—the place where America finally turned and where soldiers like us helped it in the turning."

The voters are entitled to ask, "In what way did America 'turn'?" And to ask further, "If the U.S. role in Vietnam was barbaric, our motivations hate and fear, why, thirty-one years later, did John Kerry vote for war in Iraq?" Howard Dean is plain-spoken on the question of U.S. guilt. He declares that we had no justifiable reason to go to war in Iraq, and yet Kerry voted to authorize President Bush to go to war. What will he say to veterans of the Iraq war? What he said to veterans of the Vietnam war was, "We cannot consider ourselves America's 'best men' when we are ashamed of and hated for what we were called on to do in Southeast Asia."

Mr. Bush, in his State of the Union address, did not say that our concern for freedom was the single reason we went to Iraq, but he did say that the deposition

of Saddam Hussein was a huge humanitarian blessing. Speaking of Vietnam, Lieutenant Kerry testified, "To attempt to justify the loss of one American life in Vietnam, Cambodia, or Laos by linking such loss to the preservation of freedom is . . . the height of criminal hypocrisy, and it is that kind of hypocrisy which we feel has torn this country apart."

The differences between Iraq and Vietnam are considerable, but what they have in common is insufficiently remarked. Our goal in Vietnam was to continue to press the doctrine of Containment. We didn't hesitate to emphasize the difference between life under Communism, and life elsewhere. In Iraq, we entered the war to press for a strategic goal, the disarmament of Saddam lest he export his tyranny. And we have not hesitated to emphasize the difference between life under Saddam, and life elsewhere. What threatens in Iraq is an immobilization brought on by terrorist insurgents, and the possibility even of civil war if the insurgency is not contained.

Is Candidate Kerry declaring that the veteran of the Iraq war is the representative of U.S. dishonor and hypocrisy? When will he say that the Iraq war "turned" America, as he pronounced the Vietnam war to have turned America?

Already, Candidate Kerry has voted in the direction of retreat, when he refused to approve the supplementary appropriations requested by Bush. If, when summer comes, the Iraqi engagement is still equivocal, will he treat it as he did Vietnam, as the embodiment of U.S. hate and fear and hypocrisy? Isn't the voter entitled to wonder about the reliability of a President Kerry who deemed past U.S. commitments transitory, en route to becoming dishonorable?

A problem with presidential candidacies is their pursuit of trendy popularity. Kerry tasted deep of this when he paraded before Congress in 1971, condemning the judgment and integrity of three U.S. presidents who had argued the importance of resisting the Communists in Vietnam. And now Kerry has his eyes on

a sitting president who with the backing of 77 senators, including John Kerry, set out to disarm Saddam Hussein by force. Does anyone doubt that if the Iraqi insurgency had been quelled six months ago, Candidate Kerry would have applauded the leadership of the president he is so consumed to replace?

Passionate Thoughts

NEW YORK, JANUARY 28

THE argument over Mel Gibson's dramatization of the death of Jesus needs analysis, and this is not difficult to undertake, even for those who have not seen the movie, scheduled for release in February on Ash Wednesday.

The plot line is remarkably brief. The biblical writers had no interest whatever in the kind of thing that interests Gibson. He has taken on, after all, the greatest drama in human history, the crucifixion of the Jew who claimed divinity and persuaded most of the civilized world to accept his word. Matthew handles the whole thing—from the order given down by Pilate, to the expiration of Jesus—in less space than is taken by this column.

In that account, one line is spoken which offends several Jewish critics who have seen the two-hour film. The moment comes when Pilate attempts to free Jesus, on the grounds that he has not been proved guilty of anything. A colloquy ensues, Pilate vs. "the Jews" who are clamoring for Jesus' death. Pilate declares, "I am innocent of the blood of this just Person. You see to it." Matthew 27:25: "And all the people answered and said, 'His blood be on us and on our children.'"

That curse is not recorded in the three other gospels' accounts of the Crucifixion. Paul Maier, professor of ancient history at Western Michigan University, comments that "a tremendous number of Jews never turned against Jesus during Holy Week," and records that "the Gospel use of the phrase 'the Jews' referred to Jesus' Jewish opponents, not all Jews. It was a common construction of writing of the time."

But Abraham Foxman, head of the Anti-Defamation League, and Rabbi Marvin Hier of the Simon Wiesenthal Center, believe that the language that includes the tribal curse should be removed



from the film, which Gibson actually thought to do in an earlier version of *The Passion*. Their more general objections are to the depiction of the murderous bloodthirsty Jewish mob, as feeding a negative stereotype of Jews. "Do I think it will trigger pogroms?" said Mr. Foxman. "I don't think it will. But will it strengthen and legitimize anti-Semitic feelings? Yes, it will."

That judgment is incautious. Nothing legitimizes anti-Semitic feelings. The movie's play to human emotions is central to its purpose. Mel Gibson is a professional producer of movie drama, and an essential part of drama is to show on screen what happened, or is said to have happened. Nothing would be more ridiculous than to sweeten the voices of the mob that cried out for crucifixion.

But the notion that this generates anti-Semitism is not entirely to be scorned. Movies about the Holocaust generate a measure of straight-out anti-German sentiment. Gibson's movie (*Braveheart*) about the Scots generated, however fleetingly, anti-British sentiment. The movie *Zulu* is here and there resented as depicting black Africans as savage.

The danger that the reiteration of the story of the Crucifixion will do anti-Semitic damage is, happily, slight. The Vatican in 1965 rejected and indeed denounced the proposition that the acts of individual Jews 2,000 years ago justify anti-Semitism. The nightmare of the Holocaust will always keep us awake to the awful lengths to which ethnic and religious hatred can go. But if there is consolation to be sought, surely it is that Hitler was utterly indifferent to any crimes any Jews might have committed against Jesus Christ. His hatred was based on preposterous, but no less lethal, ideas of racial purity. I know of no text by Hitler against the Jews in which the death of Christ is even hinted at as indicating 20th-century Jewish culpability.

The idea of corporate guilt is stultifying. Yet it is constantly being fed, as by such doings as President Clinton's going about Africa apologizing for slavery. It is one thing for modern Americans to regret slavery, quite another to apologize for it. Slavery, like anti-Semitism, is perpetually regrettable, but only those who engage in regrettable activity need to apologize for it. If it were otherwise, who among us could be free of ethnic or

racial or religious taint from one or more historical abominations?

And even as we continue to see depictions of the Holocaust, and to learn from them, we will continue to see depictions of the tragic end of Christ on earth, and learn from them.

Blair and Bush Squeak Through

NEW YORK, JANUARY 31

BRITONS and Americans wept copiously in mid-week. It appeared almost as if there had been collusion to save the reputations of Tony Blair and George Bush. Pressure has been building to the effect that the British and American governments knew all along that Saddam Hussein had no inventory of weapons of mass destruction. Everyone was waiting for confirmation by two august sources. The first is Lord Hutton, one of those British solons whose word is accepted as Mosaic in authority and integrity.

What he said, after investigating British intelligence from the six-month period before the fighting began, is that there was no solid evidence that weapons of mass destruction were in Iraq. But he said that such evidence as there was might easily justify the suspicion that such weapons had existed. He rebuked sharply the proposition, advanced by the BBC, that intelligence estimates had been "sexed up" for the purpose of advancing the war-bound agenda of Blair.

That was a bombshell. Criticizing the BBC at so fundamental a level is on the order of looking into the Bureau of Weights and Measures to find out whether a pound was being misweighed. The chairman of the board of governors of the BBC promptly resigned, leaving only a Tory former foreign secretary to complain that intelligence estimates should have been so mistaken.

Yes, they were mistaken, Lord Hutton's report agreed, but the same data yielded the same suspicions in France and Germany and, of course, the U.S.

In Washington we had the testimony of the eloquent David Kay. He had been in charge of searching out the evanescent weapons and a few weeks ago, after

months of scrutiny, he came to a conclusion, namely that such weapons did not exist. But like Lord Hutton, he declined to insinuate any deception by administration officials. WMD, he said, is what it looked like, and that is what Mr. Bush acted on.

And then, answering a question from Sen. McCain, Kay reached the identical conclusion of his counterpart in Britain. Whatever we think of the honesty of our intelligence sources, they simply are not reliable enough. Either Saddam was spectacularly resourceful in setting up brummagem deposits of chemical and biological look-alikes, or the perceptions of our assembly of satellites and Peeping Toms and spies on the ground can be fatefully mistaken. If there is a scandal, it is that: that our vision, in important matters, is defective. The question will naturally arise: If we had had proof positive that the weapons did not exist on Iraqi soil, would we have held back the war?

Certainly Mr. Bush would have had fewer supporters in Congress for his Tonkin Gulf-style resolution, leaving it for him uniquely to decide whether to go on to war. The Democratic presidential candidates are resting their claims on this one point: that the President himself deceived the American people.

Whether the war that proceeded was indefensible asks a different question, not one that can be authoritatively answered pending the distillation of the scene in Iraq. If what comes out of the bloody present is a reformed society freed of a sadistic tyrant, bent on a future in which there is, so to speak, separation of church and state, and if such developments inspire a whole region in the direction of civic stability, you will not find presidential aspirants in the year 2008 declaiming about the misleading evidence on which we acted in 2003.

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"... So I decided to go everybody one better and quit before I was ahead."

happy warrior

MARK STEYN

Thank You, Teresa

THE antidote to John Kerry is Mrs. John Kerry, if she'll forgive the designation. Teresa Heinz is the last person on the Kerry team to remember the days when a John Kerry campaign appearance meant a campaign appearance by John Kerry. Now it's like the title song of *Hello, Dolly!*, but even longer and with a bigger cast—thousands of state officials, veterans, designated human-interest victims of the “special interests,” and paunchy fellow senators frantically prancing around the stage as they anticipate the arrival of the Great One. Eventually, after several hundred choruses of what a great president he'll make, they trill, “Well, well, hello, Kerry!”—and there he is. Then he goes into his solo—five minutes of boilerplate populism that somehow manages, in Kerry's groggy delivery, to take the best part of an hour. And through it all, as ever, Teresa stands by his side looking bored out of her skull.

The Kerry campaign is so cynical it wouldn't surprise me to discover that Teresa Heinz is a throaty, sensual Continental actress the strategists spotted in some Miramax thing a couple of years back and hired to play the loose-cannon wife who can't stay on message. “Look, fellers, we got the rubes and hicks wrapped up with the ‘I'm fighting for you against the powerful interests’ stuff. But how about we hook in the postmodern crowd by having a sophisticated European standing alongside rolling her eyes at the vapidness of modern vernacular politics? Tina Brown'll lap it up! We'll put her in one of those over-the-shoulder Isadora Duncan scarves and every time he drones ‘BRING! IT! ON!’ she can lower her chin into it to look like she's suppressing her giggles. If she gets it right, the columnists'll go, ‘Well, say what you like, but at least there's one element of the Kerry campaign that isn't just the usual Bob Shrum phony-baloney.’ Any ideas for the exotic background?”

“How about a Portuguese Mozam-

bican ketchup heiress?”

“Hmm. ‘The first Portuguese Mozambican ketchup heiress to serve as First Lady.’ Maybe it's a little too obvious.”

But, incredible as it seems, Maria Teresa Thierstein Simoes-Ferreira Heinz Kerry is a real person. A decade ago, after the death of her first (Republican) husband, Mrs. Heinz politely declined to run for his Senate seat. Well, not that politely. As she put it, “Political campaigns are the graveyard of real ideas and the birthplace of empty promises.” And how! In the graveyard of ideas, for the last two years she's been interred in the biggest mausoleum on the grounds. “We need to offer solutions, not just slogans,” intones Senator Kerry. That's how straightforward he is. His slogan is a slogan about the inadequacy of slogans.

Teresa is said to be fluent in five languages, but, alas, populese is not one of them. When Kerry gets to the singalong bits of his stump speech, warning Big Oil, Big Pharma, Big Ketchup (whoops), and the other “powerful interests” that own the current Oval Office that “We're coming. You're going. And don't—let—the—door—hit—you—on—the—way—out!,” Teresa mouths along randomly with every third or fourth word, with the evident distaste of Maria Callas if you asked her to join in with “*Livin' la Vida Loca*.”

It's said that she and John fell for each other at an environmental conference in Brazil, when Mrs. Heinz noticed that the Portuguese interpreter was not translating the speech entirely accurately and offered to do it herself. How one longs for her to do the same at a Kerry event! “I'm on your side against the powerful special interests that stand in your way!” Simultaneous translation for those who don't speak Shrumish: “He's saying he's on your side because he took in more money than any other senator from the powerful special interests that stand in your way so he can afford to hire the most expensive campaign operatives who nevertheless

found him so lacking in any kind of plausible political persona that they were unable to do anything for him other than fob him off with the same old generic fighting-for-the-little-man stuff that bombed for Prince Albert four years ago.”

How one pines for her to do, as she did for the amusement of a *Washington Post* reporter, her impression of John having one of those Vietnam flashback nightmares that he claims he never has, a lively vignette ending with Teresa yelling “Down, down, down!” Perhaps in the event he gets unusually animated on stage—admittedly a long shot—she can leap forward to pat his head and soothe him back to sleep.

Gazillionaire populists seem to be the only kind of Democratic candidate around these days, but that doesn't mean they come in one shade. John Edwards treats the electorate like a special-needs class. His message is: I pulled myself up out of poverty and believe me, it's so difficult, you guys haven't a hope in hell. But his condescension is entirely genuine. Howard Dean is a Park Avenue

blueblood, but he turned his back on Wall Street to go and be a country doctor, and whatever one feels about Vermont politics, you don't go into it for the money or status. So it's not just that Kerry's populism

Mrs. Kerry is a relief in a phony-baloney world.

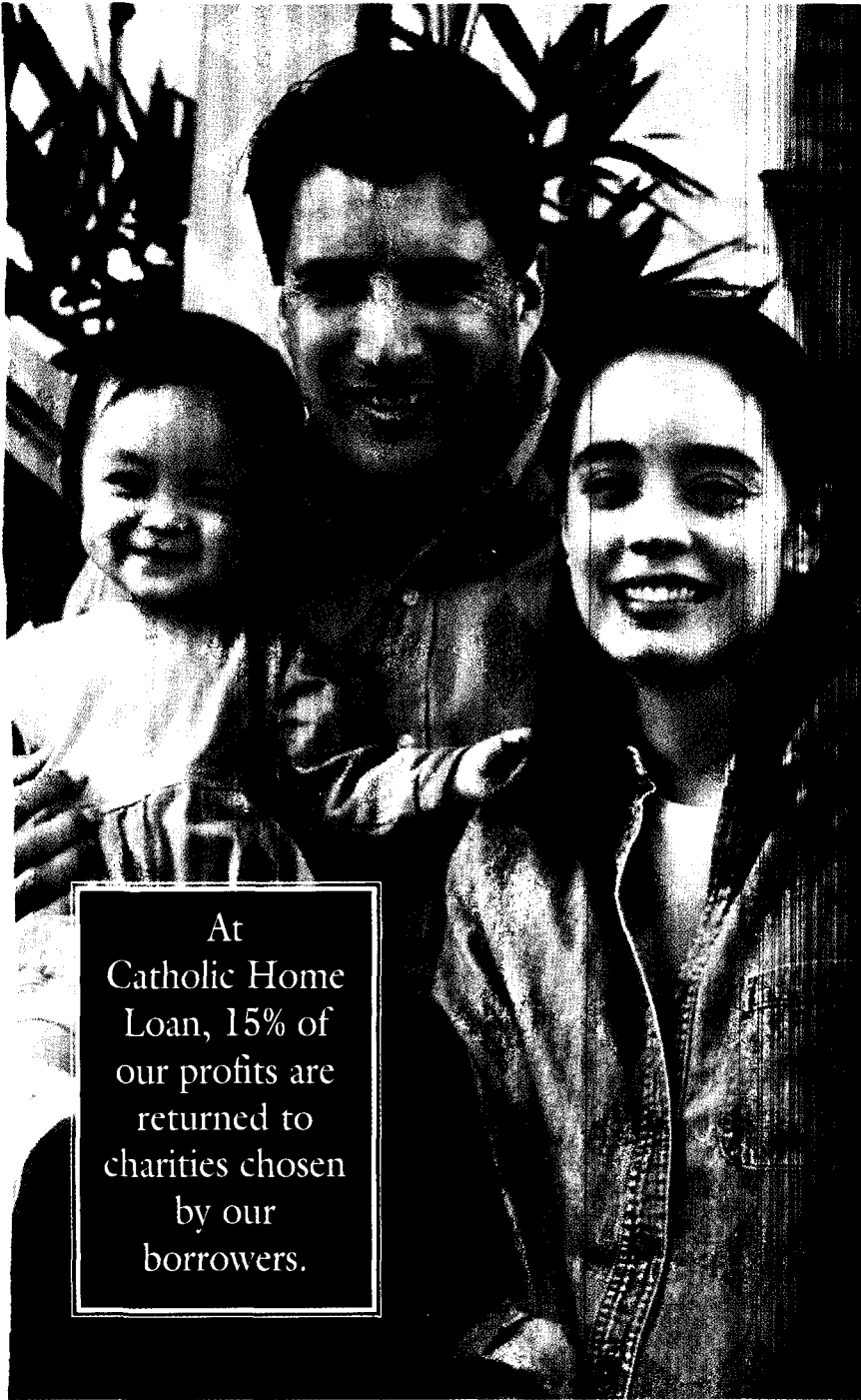
is bogus but that it seems bogus even by the standards of all the other bogus populists on the Democratic ballot.

In such a world, one treasures a woman who can't be bothered pretending she's on your side. Is there a better line this campaign season than Teresa's response to White House jibes that her husband is “French-looking”? “They probably don't even speak French.” In its exquisite tone-deafness to the demands of democratic politics, that's pure delight. Teresa's on our side against the powerful special interests of Big Faux Populism that stand in our way.

I can't think why she married John Kerry, but love is a mysterious thing. If the current campaign slogan “Dated Dean, Married Kerry” prevails, she looks to be getting more fun out of the latter half of the equation than most Democratic voters. Then again, unlike them, she has a pre-nup.

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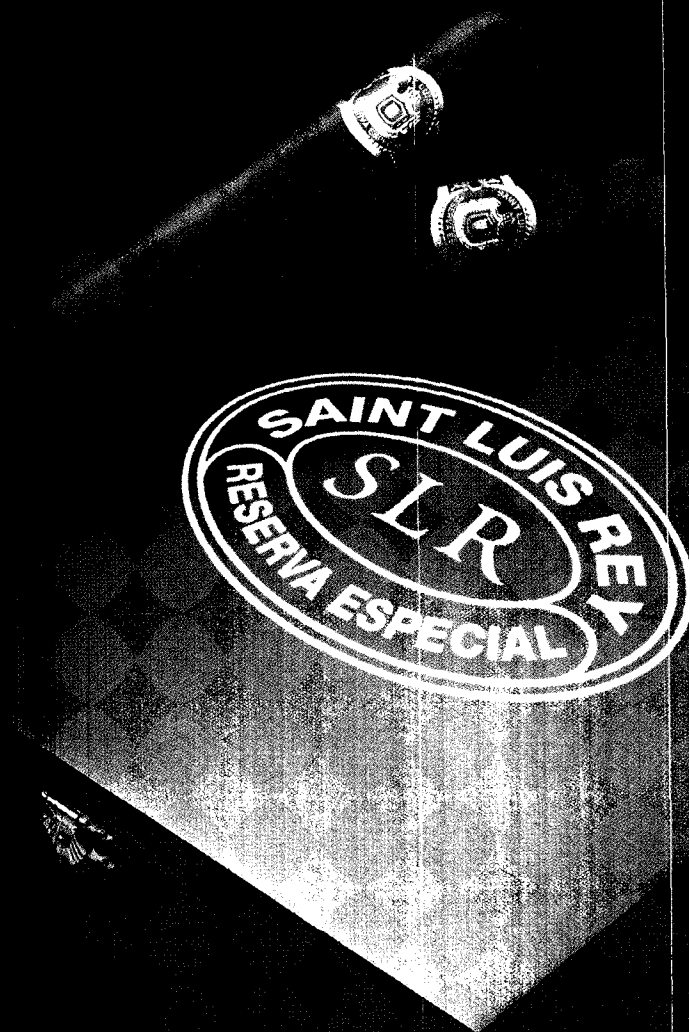
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